

TOC H JOURNAL



CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1938.

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VOLUME XVI.

NUMBER 5



This Month's Journal

A statement by the Central Executive, reiterating the policy of freedom of opinion in Toc H, appears on page 189. There is an article on 'Leadership' (p. 191), and several on service—Toc H and Institutions (p. 208), Work Camps (215), Leprosy (224). The series "Conversation Piece" (p. 204) is concluded, and that on "Personality" (p. 210) is continued. Two contrasting impressions of Pilgrimage to the Old House are given on pages 199 and 202. Verse by Tubby and by an American poet appears on pages 188 and 198. Two fine photographs by Francis Sandwith, now working part-time on the staff, are reproduced on Plates XVII and XVIII.





AROUND THE MAP

AT the risk of being thought tedious by some readers, we feel bound to return this month to the subject which occupied the corresponding page in last month's JOURNAL, namely Air Raid Precautions. What was then said has called forth letters from twelve correspondents, all of whom are convinced that it is their duty *not* to take any part in A.R.P. We print, on page 226, only the shortest of these letters (some are very long), not because we have any desire, right or power to stifle discussion among members on a really serious issue, but because this letter makes clear the main contention common to all who have written—that (in the words of another of the letters) “A.R.P. is an integral part of the war machine and must be condemned as such.” This is clearly a matter of opinion, which can be argued for or against: the same correspondent rightly calls it “the most important (and most controversial) argument” concerned with the whole subject.

* * * *

The point which we particularly want to stress here is that our correspondents (and doubtless many others who agree or disagree with them but have not written) *have* an opinion which they hold with the utmost sincerity, and in many cases would be ready to stand by at whatever cost to themselves. There are still many of our members who have no firm conviction, not merely about Air Raid Precautions but about the far greater subject with which it is bound up—the right way of procuring and preserving peace among the nations. And if many of us have no decided answer to give to the hardest question of our

time, it is for one of two reasons. Either we are genuinely perplexed by the conflict of opinion round us, and are in the state of doubt which often precedes conviction, or else, knowing that decision will mean some troublesome thinking and study, have allowed ourselves not to bother about it. Perplexity (and many among us are terribly perplexed) does us no dishonour; refusing to face the issue at all is a definite failure to do our duty as Toc H members.

* * * *

One other vital matter is raised by the correspondence about A.R.P. It concerns the policy of Toc H as a movement, and therefore also of its JOURNAL. The writer who begins five typewritten pages by saying that “of the not inconsiderable number of dull pages in its history the first two of the April issue are the dullest,” is entitled to a personal opinion. But another writer who opens his letter with the words, “Your editorial message in the April issue urging members of Toc H to take part in the preparation for war” is not so justified. What the offending ‘message’ said (and repeated again in other words on the next page) was: “Toc H members, in our view, ought to ask themselves whether their duty does or does not lie in the direction of the new form of voluntary social service which is called A.R.P.” If our correspondent should claim that his words and ours amount to the same thing, we—and, we suppose, most of our readers—would join issue with him. Yet another writer says: “The editorial article on A.R.P. in the April JOURNAL, although it makes some show of

being impartial, fails because there is no indication that the subject is intensely controversial." And yet most of its first page was devoted to pointing out that "in this matter, as in all others, contradictory opinions will be held among us": half a dozen of them (though, our writers claim, not the most important one) were then mentioned. On the wider question of war the article said:

"Toc H being what it is, a grand mixture of men of all kinds who are encouraged to form and hold their own personal opinions, it is likely that every view, from one extreme to the other, is to be found in our membership. Toc H, as a body, has no united mind as to the best or only method for preventing war."

* * * *

And so in practice it is found that Toc H contains side by side men who join the Territorial Army and men who join the Peace Pledge Union, Quakers and men serving in the armed forces of the Crown. In all these sections there are members who must be given credit for ardently desiring peace and believing that they are serving the cause of it by what they are doing. They often find great difficulty in appreciating each other's point of view, but they can respect each other's honesty: isn't that why they are side by side in Toc H? It needs, apparently, to be reiterated again and again that the opinion and action of individuals is free among us, and that there is to be no compulsion in these matters 'from above.' And freedom should not mean vagueness and ineffectiveness in action. The Central Executive—incidentally a body which represents Toc H in its divergent individual views on A.R.P.—has thought it worth while to make a fresh statement on "Freedom and Discipline" which will be found printed on page 189.

* * * *

A LETTER in the JOURNAL for November of last year (page 372) outlined a scheme for providing medical supplies for 186

leper colonies, and we now have the most satisfactory news from Rochampton Group (who sponsored the scheme in close collaboration with B.E.L.R.A.) of the way in which the idea has been taken up. The original idea was that there might be enough calico, sheeting, gauze, etc., available from manufacturing friends of the various Lancashire units to keep a dozen small working-parties occupied in London and the South. The response from Lancashire was so overwhelming that it seemed likely that there would be difficulty in finding sufficient workers to make up the material. Since the appearance of the letter, however, and thanks to the help of B.E.L.R.A., offers of help have been pouring in, and are still pouring in from all over the country. There are now over sixty working parties spread over Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Nottingham, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Northants, Kent and the Home Counties, while in Port Talbot a subsidiary branch of over a hundred ladies is turning out excellent work. All sorts and conditions of folk are taking part in the scheme, from mill-owner to shop-assistant, from ladies of leisure to school-girls. Disabled ex-officers, confined to hospital and unable to walk, are rolling bandages. A lonely widow in a country cottage spends much of her time sewing pillow-cases. L.W.H. members in hospital have knitted blankets, and an old lady of ninety has finished one which is now the proud possession of some leper-stricken native.

The organisation of the scheme is still in the hands of Rochampton Group, a small unit who received their Rushlight only twelve months ago. And so far it has cost just about £10.

* * * *

Under the heading, "Co-operation with Toc H," the following paragraph appears in the recently issued Annual Report of

the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John Hospital Library Committee:—

Members of Toc H are acting as librarians in about seventy hospitals and are also most energetic as book collectors for many of these hospitals. In Sheffield they maintain the entire service for every hospital with the exception of two.

As the result of a meeting with authorities at Toc H Headquarters, a mutual effort is being made by the British Red Cross Hospital Library and Toc H hospital librarians towards closer co-operation, so that wherever it is needed help may be given to Toc H librarians in respect of training and general information, and overlapping prevented with regard to the book supply to individual hospitals. Whenever opportunities occur the Organising Secretary has undertaken to discuss the position with Toc H Area Secretaries. Meetings have been held in the past year in Hull, Sheffield, Birmingham and Bristol.

The current issue of the Borstal Voluntary Committee Review also contains frequent references to Toc H co-operation. In Derby it has been arranged for one or two lads to stay at Mark XXI for week-end leave from Lowdham Borstal Institution just prior to their final discharge on licence. "This," says the Derby Committee's report, "is valuable experience for the lads of living and working conditions outside the Institution, and prepares them more readily to face the difficulties following discharge." It is good to read that in many other places, Toc H members are tackling this most valuable work. We hope to publish an article on the whole subject in our "Effective Service" series.

News comes from Capetown of the likelihood of the establishment of a Boys' Club on board the *Dunvegan Castle*. This will be the second vessel of the Union-Castle Line fleet to have such a club. The first was the *Stirling Castle* on which the club

was sponsored by Toc H members among the crew and made possible by the enthusiastic support of the commander, Captain A. D. Morgan. There are now quite a number of clubs on ocean liners, catering for the younger members of the crew, bell-boys, etc. The first of its kind was that on the *Alcantara*, formed by two old boys of Talbot House, Southampton, and a Toc H member of the crew. Other Royal Mail liners have since followed suit, and a start has been made on the *Queen Mary*, on which an unusually large number of boys is employed.

A good example of the practical value of "Discovery Teams" reaches us from the East London Area. Members of a unit who had recently decided that they must do something about this matter of "keeping their eyes open," noticed a number of small boys playing in a certain street. More boys kept appearing until quite a little crowd of them had gathered. Finally they all disappeared into a house. Toc H members wondered what it was all about and followed. In the house they found a young Rover Scout, who had been running a club for them there, saying good-bye to them all and announcing the disbanding of the club because a new job was taking him away from the district. Offers of help were at once forthcoming, and Toc H has now taken over the running of the club.

A letter making seven comprehensive criticisms of the JOURNAL which was printed last month and followed with editorial invitation to throw more bricks, just missed drawing a complete blank. Are readers a little more satisfied than they used to be, or have they given up hope? One member only took up the challenge. He admits to finding "one excellent article" in last month's issue and "a grand little article" in the month before:

he names both. But he says that "to appreciate even these issues the reader must have (1) a college education; (2) an undisturbed armchair; (3) two free evenings"—things which he envies Builders and General Members. He asks us "to think out why *The Family Tree*" (some readers may still remember this rather elaborate piece of nonsense in 1935) "was read more widely and thoroughly than any JOURNAL." We are still thinking this out. Meanwhile we are, in weaker moments, inclined to take refuge in St. Francis de Sales (see page 226).

* * * *

The Eastern Area despatch last month gave credit where credit was not yet due. The Bedford Branch are to be congratulated on making vigorous protest. Their Club House for the R.A.F. is not yet an accomplished fact. The whole plan was on the point of going to press, but a last minute hitch occurred in the acquisition of the premises. A less suitable plan was subsequently offered, but was inadequate to

the minimum needs of the scheme. For the time being the Club House is therefore in suspense. We hope it may not remain so for long. Meanwhile, we trust that this correction will soothe many a ruffled feeling!

* * * *

Extract from the farewell message sent to Toc H South Africa by Archbishop Phelps, as reported in the March issue of *The Compass*:—

"... I believe that Toc H has a great work to do if the energies of its members are tightly directed."

Extract from a report of a tour by Padre Owen Watkins in Griqualand West, also in the March issue of *The Compass*:—

"... During this visit Owen was expected to devote a good deal of time to Toc H Builders and senior friends. Rumour has it that in Kimberley these venerable supporters of Toc H became very active, and spent their spare time taking Owen to the club and trying to persuade him to drink something besides barley water."

Great minds evidently thinking alike.

TO A MAN ORDERED EAST

Fear is refusing
 Far duty alone.
 Courage is choosing
 With joy the unknown.
 Compass this truly, sir outward-bound brother,
 Duty done duly will strengthen another.
 Faith is the chart
 Which the venturer needs.
 Prayer is the art
 Which turns dreams into deeds.
 Yonder your ship, my sir outward-bound brother,
 God will equip you and, through you, another.

TUBBY.

Gibraltar, Lent, 1938.

LIBERTY AND DISCIPLINE.

The following statement on the attitude of Toc H, corporately and individually, to all controversial questions of the day was submitted to the Central Executive at its meeting on April 6, discussed and approved by them for publication in the JOURNAL. It is signed on their behalf by the CHAIRMAN and the Hon. ADMINISTRATOR.

THE gravity of recent world events has set men asking with a new sense of responsibility and of reality, "Where in present circumstances does my duty lie?" Every citizen has to ask himself this question, but in addition Toc H members are asking what guidance they can expect from the movement to which they belong. The time is ripe for a short statement based upon Toc H principles.

1. Toc H as a Christian body must stand upon the principle that there can be no substitute for personal responsibility. It is not for the movement as a whole to pronounce what an individual should do, and thus to relieve him of the responsibility for making his own judgment and deciding his own duty. To attempt this would be to deny the essential nature of Toc H.
2. What Toc H can and ought to do is to make the nature of the issues at stake plain to every member. The supreme problem of this age is whether personal integrity and freedom, which are basic to Christianity, can be combined with the self-discipline necessary to prevent freedom degenerating into feebleness and licensed selfishness. The great and powerful body of opinion which is called totalitarian says bluntly that self-discipline is not enough, and since compulsion is necessary to existence in the world to-day, liberty must go. It is not overstepping the bounds of fairness to say plainly that there is now abundant evidence to show that this solution of the prob-

lem, while it produces powerful disciplined action which may be directed to high corporate ideals, is frequently destructive of the integrity of individual character.

3. If this be true, tremendous responsibility rests on those who believe that liberty is essential to the development of Christian character to show that liberty can be combined with devoted personal service and unchallengeable personal discipline in its performance. Toc H stands for personal service. It has not always shown an equal regard for personal discipline either in the performance of that service or in the resolute carrying out of duties of leadership and work undertaken within the movement itself.

There is no greater service that Toc H can render to-day than to demonstrate to our own countrymen and to the world at large that whatever any member freely undertakes he carries through unflinchingly. A member, who served in the war and has played no small part in the leadership of men since, has defined discipline as "a free gift from a free man." Toc H discipline should be of that character, but it needs to be shown that a free gift is no niggardly offer, to be withdrawn as soon as it becomes difficult or inconvenient.

4. This principle needs to be put into effect by Toc H members in relation to the many-sided calls for national service. The discipline of liberty is

a plant of slow growth. Its growth needs quickening if it is not to be trampled underfoot by discipline of a harsher kind. Personal service and personal discipline must show themselves capable of averting that danger. What any individual ought or ought not to do is a matter for the judgment of his own conscience. Toc H cannot, and does not, presume to decide that question for him. It cannot prescribe any particular form of service which all should undertake. The important thing is

that in any time of national need each member should face the issue and come to a deliberate decision.

In sum, the Toc H man must act as a responsible individual and decide what is his particular duty for himself.

Toc H can and does tell him that at this juncture the disciplined performance of whatever service he chooses is vital, because it is the only way of proving that liberty can be strong and effective.

P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME, *Chairman.*
HUBERT SECRETAN,

Hon. Administrator.

THE ELDER BRETHREN.

BANKS.—On April 7, W. N. H. BANKS, Flight-Lieut., 233 (GR) Squadron, R.A.F., killed in a flying accident off the Norfolk coast. A probationer of Stockton and Thornaby Branch.

BELL.—On March 21, Padre A. W. BELL, of Ladbroke Branch. Elected 29.10.37.

FULLER.—On March 20, E. W. (BEN) FULLER, a member of Highams Park Group. Elected 22.9.36.

HARRIS.—On January 17, R. J. HARRIS, Treasurer of Truro Branch, aged 33 years. Elected 1.6.35.

HEYWOOD.—On April 8, LEONARD HEYWOOD, aged 44, Director of Housing, Man-

chester, a member of Manchester Area General Branch. Elected 2.4.37.

PEARCE.—On March 29, JOHN PEARCE, a member of Sevenoaks Branch. Elected 12.11.28.

TAYLOR SMITH.—On March 28, the Right Rev. Bishop J. TAYLOR SMITH, late Chaplain General to H.M. Forces, a General member. Elected January, 1925.

TOWNSEND.—On March 10, A. H. TOWNSEND, a blind member of Gloucester Branch. Elected 20.3.35.

WHITFIELD.—On March 1, EDWARD GORDON WHITFIELD, a member of Newport, Salop, Branch, aged 22 years. Elected 14.5.34.

GENERAL MEMBERS AND THE CENTRAL COUNCIL

THE elections by Branches and Groups of Councillors to serve on the Central Council of Toc H, 1938-40, are now being held. Under the rules, one Councillor is to be elected by General Members, other than those who are members of Groups. The Central Executive has decided by drawing lots that the candidate should on this occasion be nominated by the Kent Area Executive. The Area Executive has chosen to nominate A. R. PYM (Kent Area General Member; Chairman of the Kent Area Executive). It is open to any general member (any member

who belongs neither to a Branch nor a Group) to propose another candidate. If twenty-five such members resident in Great Britain or in Ireland agree in proposing another candidate and if their proposals are received at Headquarters within 15 days from the date on which this JOURNAL is despatched to members, a poll of general members will be held in accordance with the rules. If no other candidate is proposed, or if no candidate is proposed by as many as twenty-five members, 'Andy' Pym will be declared elected.

LEADERSHIP

In February and March we printed two talks—on "Recruiting with a purpose" and on "Spreading Toc H"—given at Southern London Area Executive Conferences. We now publish a talk in the same series by ALEC CHURCHER.

LET us assume that you have got all the people you want into your Unit, you have got your artisans, your professional men, your sportsmen, and all the other particular types, together with the more normal ones. There they all are—"Mr. Heinz' 57 Varieties" completely assembled, all sitting around in the Unit meeting place. What next? I think to the minds of all of us, there crops up at once this word "Leadership." It is a fashionable word just now because people everywhere are quite obviously finding the need for leadership a pressing one. Toc H, we say, is a movement and must be moving in some direction or other; what we want now is to get men trained as leaders to show us what to do, and everything in the garden will be lovely.

Leadership in the World To-day

I want to get away from our "Mr. Heinz' 57 Varieties" for a moment and say something about this business of leadership as a whole. First of all, because very plainly there exists almost everywhere in the world a demand for leaders; the inexorable law of supply and demand is functioning, and this demand for leaders is being met. The world is getting leadership.

I think we want first of all to be quite certain as to exactly how this demand originates. What I am going to say is not very original, but I think it wants saying at this point, as a kind of background to what Toc H is doing about leadership. This universal demand for leadership is due, is seems to me, to the sense of futility and bewilderment with which so many people in the world to-day are obsessed. I remember hearing Tubby once say that

"traffic problems were caused by a lot of people who were only half-way there and did not know quite where they were going." The kind of confusion and chaos which we have in the world to-day is like that traffic jam; lots of people who have lost their sense of purpose, all coagulating together in confusion. People are finding themselves caught up, as it were, on the wheel of things; life is too much for them; they are just entangled in the frenzy of it all and have lost any sense of purpose in the whole business. They feel that their lives are just futile—they cannot see any point in it all. One aspect of this point of view is emphasised in this little piece of doggerel—"We go to work to earn the cash to buy the bread to get the strength to go to work to earn the cash to buy the bread to get the strength" etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. A lot of people see things like that and cannot see any way of breaking away from that vicious circle. Another aspect of it is captured in Noel Coward's "Twentieth Century Blues."—

In this strange illusion,
Chaos and confusion,
People seem to lose their way.
What is there to strive for,
Love or keep alive for? Say—
Hey, hey, call it a day.
Blues, nothing to win or lose,
It's getting me down.
Blues, I've got those weary Twentieth
Century Blues.

Beverley Nichols has got a little couplet, which I came across somewhere, one of the most bitter things I have read about one section of the community:—

They find that the Fountain of Youth
Is a mixture of gin and vermouth.

This is the kind of bitterness—a sense of absolute futility—that is at present holding very many people.

'A Series of Challenges'

I remember hearing Herbert Gray once say that life consists of a series of challenges which have to be met as they arise, and there can be no true adjustment as long as any of them are avoided. I believe that the trouble to-day is that life is so complex and the issues so involved and obscure, that men find it hard to see what the challenges are that are presented to them, hard to realise clearly the problems with which they are faced. As long as men can see the path of duty and have some understanding as to why they should go along it, then I think there is at least an even chance that they will take that path. I believe that people to-day are as ready to take that path, if they could see it, as ever they were, but that they are just confused and bewildered by the whole business. Life to-day is not so much a checker-board of blacks and whites, as a kind of universal grey in which men are groping blindly and half-heartedly for some guiding thread of light. Men like their issues to be clear-cut, and because they desire definiteness, there is that swing towards what we call authoritarianism, both in political and religious fields. But the kind of answers that are being supplied are themselves just ways of escape from the realities of the situation. The irrational over-simplifications of Hitler and Buchman are really no more than ways of escape. They are not a solution to the real problem at all; they are just a shifting of responsibility on to someone else—"passing the baby," and still men are not being helped to see the challenges that are being presented to them as individuals and to face up to them as they arise.

I think that the kind of leadership that

the world is waiting for is a leadership that will help men's tired and puzzled eyes to penetrate the grey bewilderment and to see for themselves a little more clearly what the issues are with which they are faced and what the challenges are which are personal and real to them. We do not want people to tell us what we ought to do, we want people to show us a little more clearly what the alternatives are. We want a leadership which will help men to re-discover for themselves (because nobody can show it to them) a purpose in life, and encourage them to go on looking for it, not to give it all up and go to the pictures! We want people who will say with a little more certainty "Seek and ye *shall* find—Knock and it *shall* be opened unto you." We want people as leaders who will help men to see the answer to the question "Whither?" and suggest to them that together in friendship they must try and find for themselves their individual answers to the question "How?" We want a leadership which will help individual men to grow in the likeness of God, and not be mass-produced into political or religious robots.

'Pushing the Baby'

There is nothing new in all that, but I think it needs to be said now, because, as John Palmer reminded you (*see March JOURNAL*, p. 113), there is a danger that we in Toc H, in our very keenness and enthusiasm, may succumb to the temptation of wanting to adopt and use this easier, authoritative kind of leadership, both within Toc H itself and in the way in which we try and spread our ideals to other people. Within Toc H there is still, for instance, a continual demand for "rulings" about this, that or the other from Headquarters, a desire for an external authority which will enable you to "push the baby" on to someone else. (You may disagree

about this but I feel that there is a tendency, too, to want to push problems back on to the full-time man). Frequent pleas are still coming in that Toc H, "as a movement," shall place itself behind this or that cut-and-dried solution to some social evil—again the desire for definiteness, for external authority. I believe that in thinking about this business of leadership, we have got to remind ourselves from the start, and keep reminding ourselves, that Toc H does not exist to present cut-and-dried solutions to anything; it exists to try to help people to see and face their own problems and not run away from them, to confront people with the realities of life and to indicate the kind of general direction which they have got to take, leaving them to work out the particular path for themselves. Only in this way can men find happiness and freedom. Mass methods are so much more attractive, so much easier to understand. We would all like Toc H to be marching into the New Jerusalem in columns of fours with a procession of Lamps and Banners, but we have to remind ourselves that

There is no expeditious road,

To pack and label men for God,

And save them by the barrel load.

We have got to remember all the time that Toc H believes that there are no short cuts to the Kingdom of God, and that the longest way round is the shortest way home; a gradual individual change of attitude, the gradual recovery of a sense of direction by more and more people until the whole community is affected.

Toc H Men as Leaders in the Community

Let us get back to our "57 Varieties" sitting in your Unit meeting-place and asking "What next?", because I think it is precisely in that kind of group of people that there is to be found the kind of leadership for which the world is waiting. As a result of their common life to-

gether, they will, if they are a sufficiently well mixed cross-section of the community, develop, probably almost unconsciously, a sort of purposiveness, a common agreement as to general direction, while still disagreeing, probably, as to particular roads. In other words they will find themselves beginning to act as "direction-indicators" to a community that has lost its way. But I think this will only happen if the "mixture" within the Unit is sufficiently good. I remember once writing a letter to the JOURNAL about a mythical Society which I invented, the S.P.V.G.L.M.P.—The Society for the Promotion of Vague Good-will Among Like-Minded People. If the Unit of Toc H is no more than that, it cannot produce this effect of unity of purpose in spite of differences, it cannot give tangible proof to the world around that the things which men have in common are in actual fact more important than the things that divide them. Now there are many ways in which people can be classified. You can classify people into the "rich" and "poor." There are the occupational classifications, which I personally think we tend to over-emphasise in Toc H. (I was very glad to see that Herbert Leggate had a little tilt at them: "We've got Mr. Chips the Carpenter and Mr. Bones the Butcher, please may we have Dr. Dose?" A Happy Family attitude towards the business!) Then there are the more important classifications of political and religious beliefs, and the social classifications, the things that we used to mean when we used the word "Class." There are all these different kinds of classifications and many others. Professor Cecil Delisle Burns, (in a book I have just been reading) says the most important kind of distinction between the people in the world to-day is this: the distinction between the people who have a sense of community and those who have

not. Now this kind of distinction cuts right across all these other classifications. Some rich people have not got it; some poor people have; some manual labourers have not got it; some high officials have and *vice versa*.

Here I think we had better pause a minute to make quite certain that we know what we mean when we use that phrase 'sense of community,' because, at first sight, it would appear that our Totalitarian friends have that 'sense of community' *par excellence*. To them the community, the State, is the beginning and end of everything. It takes on a kind of mystical personality and entity of its own, and it seems to have separated itself completely from any conception of the State as being the aggregate of the different individual human beings who comprise it. The State becomes almost an abstract idea, a kind of myth in men's minds, and it ceases to be seen in terms of human beings at all. It is not in that kind of sense that the phrase is used. Delisle Burns (in *Challenge to Democracy*) defines "sense of community" as "An emotional and intelligent appreciation of one's dependence upon other people and other people's need for oneself," and goes on to say this:—

"If a person will not make room for another in a crowded train, he has no sense of the community. If he cheats others, he has none. If he treats the others who pass him merely as obstacles to be shoved aside he has none. And in positive terms the sense of the community inclines to politeness, to seeing what is good in other folk, to helping when the chance offers, and respecting the privacy of those who can be seen to desire to be alone. But in this positive attitude is implied a confidence that others are working for the same sort of life which one desires for oneself. Thus the sense of community is also a sense of purpose common to all the members of the community."

I want to underline particularly the last two sentences of that paragraph, because they lead on directly to my next point. The close association within Toc H of a number of very different people from all sorts of different compartments of life, and on the kind of terms that the method and tradition of Toc H make possible, can hardly fail to intensify this feeling of interdependence and mutual responsibility. And because the method of Toc H is to proceed from the passive recognition and acceptance of this fact to active expression of it, this "practical experiment in the art of living together" must inevitably lead to a renewed sense of purpose in life. In other words, here is a little group who can be "direction indicators" in the community in which they are placed.

Leadership of Individuals

The Archbishop of York in a speech at a Leeds' Luncheon Club recently, said—"Behind the light-hearted surface of young people's lives there is very often a profound unhappiness which is due to the fact that they have not found anything that may securely guide them towards the fulfilling of their own destiny and enable them effectively to be of service. They have lost confidence and one of the greatest services we can render them is not to give it back to them—for we cannot do that—but to show them how possibly they can recover it for themselves." That rather sums up the purpose of a little community of Toc H people; to help men to recover lost confidence and guide them towards fulfilling their own destiny, and to enable them to be of service. It is that kind of individual and unobtrusive leadership that a Group of Toc H should be giving gradually to a widening circle of people with whom they are in touch.

Another aspect of this experiment in living that we call Toc H is, of course, the

development of the individuals comprising that Group. As a result of their contact with one another, men will discover in themselves abilities and talents which they did not suspect, and they will want to find all kinds of ways in which these abilities and these talents can be put at the service of the larger community. In that kind of way the expression "power house" is justified. Toc H cannot produce an unfailing supply of men willing to go anywhere or to do anything at a moment's notice, but it should be releasing, gradually and continually, new energies and new influences which can invigorate the whole life of the larger community. You may think I am exaggerating the possibilities of leadership of a small group of men such as Toc H inevitably is, but I think we often under-estimate our powers of influencing public opinion. To start with, I do not think public opinion on any subject is ever the opinion of the majority. That is perhaps a wild statement that I should qualify; it is rarely the real opinion of the majority of the people and far more often is the released enthusiasm of a few active and socially-minded people. If you look at most of the great reforms of the last 25 years, they have really been brought about by the work and pressure of the voluntary Societies dealing with this or that aspect of social life, and these voluntary Societies are always a minority within the community. Again, even in those voluntary Societies, the really active force is usually another socially-minded minority within that Society. I think you will agree that the possibility of influencing public opinion or more practically, of getting things done, is not so remote as we are inclined sometimes quite pessimistically to think.

The job of Toc H is rather well-summed up in a notice stuck up in the sleeping-porch of Mark I, Australia—"To Disturb Peacefully." I think that that is a rather

good summary of the way in which Toc H ought to be working, first in individuals and then, through them in the community. If you have read H. G. Wells' *Open Conspiracy* you will remember that he visualises a new kind of religious order, the members of which shall not be a gang of people, under agreement to co-operate in imposing their view of things on other people, but an "association for spreading ideas and new habits without compulsion." I think that that is true leadership and in that way a small well-mixed Group of Toc H can and should be giving some measure of true leadership to the community around it.

Leadership Within Toc H

So much for "Toc H men as leaders in the community"—what about leadership within Toc H itself? All Toc H is, in a sense, training for leadership, but just as in the larger community outside men delegate to specialists the task and responsibility for the diagnosis and perhaps the prescription for various social evils, along the general lines of what I would call the larger leadership, so within Toc H there must be a place for the specialised leader. There must be room for the man who will take the trouble to master what I would call the technique of our Movement. In our desire for informality and keeping the thing from getting too "cut and dried" I do not think we should shirk that word "technique." There *is* a technique in this business which it is somebody's business to learn, and so within Toc H there is a real need for this specialist kind of leadership. There have got to be people who will take the trouble to learn how best to be a Jobmaster, a Pilot or a Secretary, and to carry on the usual offices that we have in Toc H. Nowadays it is not so very hard, especially for you in London, to learn those kinds of things. There are all kinds of pamphlets and books issued. There are training

courses and training days. All kinds of opportunities are offered to you for getting trained for those special jobs, but all these things are a downright danger, unless first of all there is this much larger sense of leadership behind it. Otherwise a man, surely, becomes only an extremely efficient official. Do not misunderstand me, I am not decrying efficiency, but I think efficiency is not enough. We need efficient people but efficient people who are leaders in the larger sense, who have quite firmly in their minds this sense of purpose, this wider vision of what the whole thing is about. Cromwell, in his speech to Parliament accounting for his success in the field, said, "I chose only such men as had the fear of God in them and who made some conscience of what they did, and from that moment, Mr. Speaker, I never looked back." In the notes that were circulated before this meeting, I put down as the first two ingredients desirable in a leader of Toc H the phrase "Imagination plus technique." I think that phrase of Cromwell's is another way of saying the same two things. "The fear of God" means, I think, a belief in a plan for the universe in spite of apparent evidence to the contrary; it means having a sense of purpose in life, a sense of direction. That is the "beginning of wisdom" in a leader or in anyone else. And with that, there is a need for men who will "make some conscience" of what they do, who will take trouble about things, who will think it worth while to find time to do the trivial things because they see that by patient and attentive dealing with things of that kind the larger purpose will be served. I recently came across somewhere the phrase that leaders are men with "released imaginations." I rather liked that phrase—men with intelligence who see beyond the immediate things, the immediate humdrum things, that have got to be done,

to the bigger purposes that lie behind. That is what I mean by "fearing God and making some conscience of what you do," by "imagination plus technique," and I think I am right in putting those two things first.

'Poise, not Pose'

The second requirement of leadership that I have put down is "Poise, not Pose." When I was out in New Zealand Dr. Malcolm Sargent came out on a visit and at the conclusion of his tour, he gave an interview to the newspapers. In it he told a story about a lady who came up to him at the end of one of his concerts and thanked him very nicely for the concert and said how much she had enjoyed it. "I did so admire the gracefulness of your gestures, and I particularly admired the way in which you kept in perfect time with the music throughout the concert." That is a kind of parable of the sort of thing we sometimes mistake for leadership. Let us beware of those exhibitionist demagogues who are very quick to see which way "the cat is going to jump." We may think they are leading us, but actually they are just saying what is the popular thing to say at that moment. They are keeping time to the general music all around. I think we have got to be chary of mistaking that kind of thing for leadership in Toc H or outside it. A good platform manner, just like a good bedside manner to the doctor, is a great asset, but it may become a cloak to a lack of anything real beneath. Do not let us be deceived by anything like that, by the man who likes the limelight, who wants to be out in the front. We do not want leaders who pose, but leaders with poise; balanced men with a sense of proportion which is very often another word for a sense of humour. A true leader is doing what Dr. Sargent is really doing all the time, that is, drawing out of the instru-

mentalists around him, from each according to his capacity, the kind of ingredients that together are going to create the whole lovely harmony. But even the kind of limelight necessary for Dr. Sargent is not always desirable for a leader of Toc H, and there my metaphor breaks down as most metaphors do. Our need is for unobtrusive leadership from the rear, drawing out all the hitherto unknown capacities and talents of people, and not for men who merely dance in time to the current popular tune.

'Hidden Reserves'

The third necessary ingredient of leadership that I have put down is "hidden reserves." By that I mean that if we are leaders we ought not to have all our goods in the shop window. People must somehow feel that there are all kinds of reserves behind, which have not yet been called upon. That is bound up with our ability as leaders to accept those three great challenges of the Main Resolution—"to listen, to know and to do." If we have really tried to do that—and it is our job as leaders to try—I think we shall, particularly by listening, begin to acquire those hidden reserves which again will give us poise, help us to keep our balance and sense of proportion, help us to seem full, complete, satisfactory sort of people to others.

'King Pin' and 'Sheep Dog'

Finally there remain two warnings about two kinds of leaders who are all too numerous in Toc H. There, is first of all, the kind of man who must become a sort of "King Pin" in his Unit, around whom the whole thing centres. He becomes, at any rate according to his own ideas, indispensable. Such a man may short-circuit the whole purpose of Toc H because he will be inevitably a leaning-post for the people in that unit, not the kind of

spiritual "kick in the pants" that he ought to be; not a 'peaceful disturber' but someone upon whom people may shelve their responsibility, to whom they may "pass the baby." Instead of being encouraged to face up to and tackle their problems and not run away from them, the members will be able to pass their problems on as not their business—"Old George will look after that." There is a lot of that in Toc H. He is the kind of man who says, rather proudly, but with a kind of mock humility; "I don't know, (I really ought not to say it) but I don't think they would be able to get along here without me." He knows it is wrong, but secretly he is rather glad to be in that kind of "King Pin" position. If he left the Unit and it did not collapse, he would be secretly disappointed.

Then there is the "sheep-dog" kind of leader who is really as tyrannical and repressive as the worst dictator and is more dangerous because he is kindly and benevolent about it all. He is determined that people shall be the kind of Toc H people he thinks Toc H people ought to be, and that they shall conform to his pattern. He is always talking about his experience, and how long he has been in Toc H and so on, and he is as dangerous to the Unit as any dictator. He menaces independence of thought and individual development. I wanted to take this opportunity of tilting against those two types of so-called leaders.

My final word is just this, that everybody in this room, in some degree or another, has been called to some form of leadership in Toc H; that is why we are here. I believe, in a nut-shell, our job in this bewildered disillusioned world is to change the tone of that phrase we are so often using "Thy will be done" from the kind of cry or wail of resignation that it so often is, into rather a splendid shout of triumphant expectation.

A. G. C.

Prayer

*God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.*

*Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From slack contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.*

*Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt
And all that spawn and die in it.*

*Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.*

*From compromise and things half done
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride,
And when, at last, the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.*

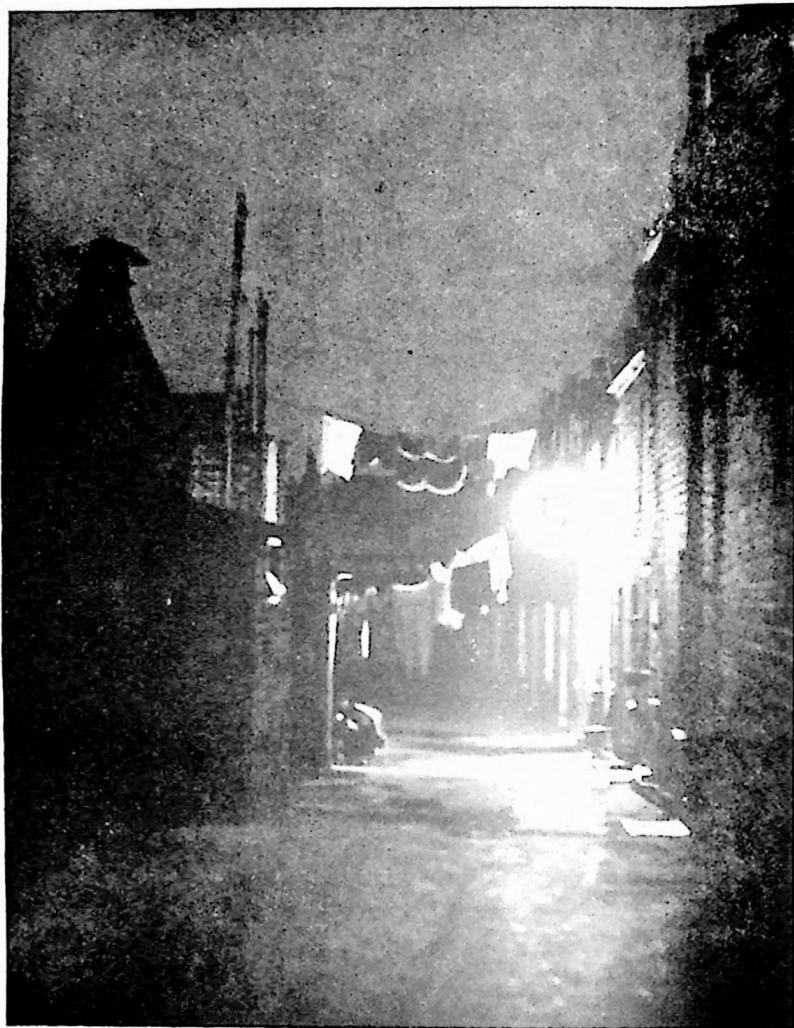
LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

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" Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with spring's first flutes and drums "

(Photo by Francis Sandwell.)



" . . . But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums."

*(Photo by Francis Sandwith from "LONDON BY NIGHT,"
published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)*

PILGRIMAGE: TWO IMPRESSIONS

I. The Old House and the New Generation

This impression of a first visit to Talbot House, Poperinghe, was given to members of Whitley Group in December, 1937, by A. C. CARTER. The Editor will be interested to hear from other members who may hold views for or against those here expressed.

I HAVE BEEN ASKED to give my impression of a pilgrimage to The Old House, Poperinghe, and to say what I consider to be the value of such pilgrimages to the young men of the new generation.

If you will turn up the Main Resolution you will find these words:—

“Remembering with gratitude how God used the Old House to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom upon Earth: we pledge ourselves to strive . . . etc.”

The words of the Main Resolution so clearly state what The Old House meant to the men who first used it during the war, that it seems quite impossible for the real meaning ever to become obscure. Of course it is possible that my interpretation of the words of the Main Resolution may not be that of others, so perhaps I had better begin by stating what those words mean to me. I believe that once inside the Old House during the war, the horror and beastliness of it could be put on one side and for the time being forgotten. Inside was to be found such peace as could be found nowhere else in the Salient: indeed it was the one place where the war was not. There could be found, by the weary and almost hopeless men, rest and food for body and soul. Thus, behind the things temporal stood the eternal reality of a God, Who, understanding the frailty and illogicality of the minds of men, gave them peace and

courage to withstand the horror and brutality of a conflict which was as unchristian as it was unmoral.

That, to my mind, was the way God used the Old House: to give men a moment's peace, a reassurance of the teachings of Christ, a new hope for the brotherhood of man.

The men of the new generation who knew not the horrors of that war, who by no stretch of their imagination can conceive the dreadful circumstances in which their Elder Brethren were situated, and whose own circumstances are so entirely different, must find the Old House, when they visit it, a place where they also can find peace and rest and renewed hope. The problems which confronted their Elder Brethren still exist, although not in the same guise. They are no longer at war with their fellows in the physical sense, but if they have truly understood the significance of their membership of Toc H and honestly believe in the necessity for its existence, they must indeed be at war with the many evils which permeate their everyday lives. Their need is as great as that of their Elder Brethren, and they too should go as pilgrims to the Old House, to find peace and renewed hope, and to affirm their belief in the ultimate goodness of God.

That, briefly, is my opinion of what the pilgrimage should mean to the men of the present generation, and in that spirit should it be undertaken by them. To make the occasion one of sight-seeing and curiosity is wrong, and although being healthy humans this phase of the visit

cannot be entirely omitted, too much stress can easily be put upon it to the detriment of the fundamental reason.

I will now try and set out some of my own experiences in the light of what I have just written. The programme, to my mind too crowded, which was arranged for the pilgrims, left little time for one to assimilate the atmosphere of peace one immediately experiences on entering the Old House, and the perhaps too-careful arrangement of war relics gives one at first sight the feeling of being in a museum. Whilst agreeing that war associations are inseparable from the Old House because the war called it into being, its significance to the new generation cannot be connected with the war; and the war relics can have nothing but an historical and sentimental appeal. It is important to remember that the spirit animating Toc H is as old as Christianity, and that our first Elder Brother was Christ Himself. Because of the dire necessity of men during the war, the spirit of Christ became manifest in the Old House. One need not be gifted with a very fertile imagination to realise that there are conditions other than war in which man's plight drives him back to God.

That the new generation should realise something of the conditions under which their Elder Brethren of the war period existed, of the service they gave, and of the sacrifice they made, is very right, but it is doubtful indeed if anything but partial realisation can be got from the examination of relics. To the young men of today the war is a long way off; in many cases their knowledge of it was obtained from history books and novels, and anything like a true realisation of the events of that time is impossible for them. I wonder how many men of the war generation obtained even the remotest idea of the conditions during the Crimean war from a study of relics

arranged in a museum. It is sometimes difficult for men of the older generation to realise how remote they seem in some respects to the younger men.

From the point of view of the Toc H man all study of war relics and all discussion of war conditions should be for one purpose only, that being to show the utter futility and beastliness of it and its complete negation of the Christianity he professes. Remember that Toc H members are pledged to—

“Listen now and always to the voice of God: To know His Will revealed in Christ and to do it fearlessly, reckoning nothing of the world's opinion or its successes for ourselves or this our family: and towards this end: To think fairly; To love widely; To witness humbly; To build bravely.”

The very crux of Christ's teaching is the brotherhood of man.

I have tried to give my reasons why I think that the tendency to make the Old House into a species of war museum can in no way further the mission of Toc H today. I will go farther and say that I consider there to be a possible danger that an undue interest in and veneration of these war relics may have an effect quite the reverse from that which Toc H sets out to teach. It is well within the bounds of possibility that some young minds may be so affected by the atmosphere created by them as to come to look upon war as a great and glorious thing, and that only by similar means can they emulate the Elder Brethren in whose house they stand.

I think that you will agree that the most martially-minded member of Toc H could never subscribe to anything that could even remotely suggest that Toc H was founded for the glorification of war, and he must agree that anything that could possibly have such an effect upon a young man's mind is dangerous.

I have no intention of laying too much stress upon this aspect of the Old House

because there is so much peace there that few sober minds could harbour martial thoughts within its precincts for long, but nevertheless it is something for serious thought. What is far more disturbing to me is the long round of visits to the war cemeteries. I am emphatic in my opinion that a pilgrimage to the Old House should *not* be very little more than a visit to the war cemeteries of the area. Such a visit can be undertaken at any time and in any company by those desiring it. There are still organised tours by the various tourist agencies covering the whole of the battlefields, and I can see no good reason why nine-tenths of the time spent by the pilgrims in Belgium should be taken up by rushing from cemetery to cemetery. I am tempted to ask what is the object of the pilgrimage, why is it called a pilgrimage? Is it a pilgrimage to the Old House, or to the war cemeteries?

It may probably be said that to preserve the memory of the Elder Brethren a visit to the war cemeteries is essential, but is this really so, or is it just giving way to a sentimentality that is at variance with honest conviction? A visit to the graves of men known to have been directly connected with Toc H is certainly desirable, and Gilbert Talbot's grave at Hooge must always be a place of pilgrimage, so, too, will the attendance of the pilgrim at the ceremony of sounding "The Last Post" at the Menin Gate, Ypres, for there he can pay his homage to the silent host of the Elder Brethren, amongst whom can be counted all who died in the war. These two visits would surely be enough, and the time saved could be used in The Old House, absorbing its wonderful atmosphere of peace, and trying to feel something of that spirit of fellowship felt by the Elder Brethren in the midst of a world torn by war and hate.

Thus, briefly, have I tried to express my

reactions and the thoughts which occurred to me whilst at Poperinghe: I will be honest and say that I keenly enjoyed and was very interested in all I saw, but, having seen it once, I have no great desire to see it again. My feelings towards the Old House are very different. I could spend days there without moving outside, absorbing its wonderful atmosphere of fellowship and friendliness.

I am firmly convinced that if the pilgrimage to the Old House is to be of any value to the younger generation of Toc H members, its arrangements must be different from what they are now. The Old House is a place of peace and rest, and its memories, if a house has memories, must surely be those of the peace it brought to the men who took sanctuary within its walls from the chaos and tumult of the world outside. Once inside all strife was forgotten and only love remained. Surely it is to this house of peace and love that our pilgrims should come, to a house whose rooms are full with the memories of souls whose burdens had been lifted, and who returned to life or death outside with a firm knowledge that God had understood their desperate need. Is it not to this rather than to a house filled with the memories and mementos of war that they should come? A. C. CARTER.

An overseas member, who had not seen this article, recently visited Talbot House for the first time and afterwards wrote: "The more I consider the matter, the more I am unable to understand anyone likening the House to a 'War Museum.' One is naturally reminded of the War continually, but with me the abiding impression is the atmosphere of the House, which I find it quite impossible to describe. I can only say that it seemed to me that it would be impossible to feel lonely or even depressed in the House. It breathes friendliness and good fellowship in the same way as it presumably did in the war years."

We may add that the glass show-case containing 'relics' (maps, canteen accounts, MSS. of *Tales of Talbot House*, etc.), which stood on the first landing and was several times objected to by pilgrims as being 'museum' furniture, was removed some months ago. Its contents are now on view in a less obtrusive place.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

II.

Dykes and canals, paved ways, and roads
All willow-lined for miles,
So grey and straight.
And in the towns are endless shuttered windows,
Cleanly streets all cobbled to the feet.
The men are simple, homely,
With round red faces and with slouching gait.
The women quiet and busy on their way.
The patient dogs draw carts along.
Big-chested horses
With wide arched necks
And legs all splayed apart.

* * * *

A quiet garden, dignified and old,
Wherein is surely peace.
A house that has its memories,
And yet
But little sign of what has happened there,
Most comfortable, convenient and calm.
Good manners and good food with good content.
Only within the upper chamber is a hint
Of things unseen, of men unseen passed on,
Who knelt beneath the ageing rafters there
And saw the unchanging moon through half-moon lights,
And saw the distant flashes in the sky.

* * * *

And on the smiling countryside there is no sign
Of what has been.
Men scrape the frugal land on hands and knees,
Their women help them and the children play.
And sunshine quietly bathes the red-tiled farms.
Just here and there a pill-box,
Just a few strands of wire,
And corrugated iron,
Just a few scars on Kemmel's side
All overgrown now.
The English graveyards smile
Like quiet gardens resting in the peace of years.
Only at Zonnebeke the great black crosses strike
A note more German, more intense.

* * * *

Trumpeters sounding at the Menin Gate.
The Last Post echoing in the mighty vault.
The traffic stands, the populace is still,

And only ghosts pass down the Menin Road.
 I see them pass—Then turn my gaze to view
 The night sky red behind the massive arch.
 It will be fine to-morrow.

J. E. E. T.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

✠ A report of the annual meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL held on April 30 will be published in the JOURNAL for June. The members of the new Council for 1938-40 are being elected during May.

✠ The following Hon. Association Padres have been appointed: Rev. A. T. F. HOLMES, until recently Eastern Canada Regional Padre, and the Rt. Rev. C. S. REIFSNIDER, of Tokyo.

✠ Padre J. N. JORY has resigned from the Staff and has left the South Wales Area where he has been working since October.

✠ Since the special meeting of the Central Council in January, 216 new Toc H BUILDERS have been enrolled. This means that so far every Branch and Group in the U.K. has enrolled on the average one-fifth of one new Builder. Some of them are members and far more new friends need to be won for Toc H.

✠ The EASTERN CANADA Region is holding a Festival in Montreal on May 14-15.

✠ The address of MICHAEL FURNISS, the new Queensland Area Secretary, is now: c/o Toc H, McCoy's Buildings, George Street, Brisbane. The thirteenth AUSTRALIAN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL is to be held in Brisbane from May 24 to 28.

✠ The SOUTH AFRICAN FESTIVAL will be held in Durban at the time of the South African Council meeting on June 30.

✠ ALAN COWLING, Secretary to the Australian Executive, is to be married to Miss RUTH MARTIN at St. Augustine's, Unley, South Australia, on June 16, Padre BOB WATSON officiating.

✠ The ASCENSION DAY communion services will be held as usual at All Hallows and 42, Trinity Square on Thursday morning, May 26.

✠ The annual ATHLETIC SPORTS meeting of Toc H will be held at the Sports Ground,

Folly Farm, New Barnet, at 3 p.m. on Saturday, May 28.

✠ Members in the East Midlands Area are inviting members from home and overseas, Builders and other friends to the Rallies to be held in PETERBOROUGH on June 11 and in LEICESTER on July 9. On each occasion a Service in the Cathedral at 4 p.m. will be followed by tea, sight-seeing and a Guest-night until 9 p.m.

✠ The annual Eastern Area Conference at Harpenden, Herts, known as the ROTHAMSTED RALLY, will be held in the old-world gardens of Rothamsted on Sunday, July 3.

✠ The voice of GLYN GRIFFITHS (Aberystwyth Branch) will be heard in songs to be broadcast in the Welsh Regional Programme at 6 p.m. on May 10 and at 4.30 p.m. on May 15.

✠ The Second International Conference of the GUILD OF HOSPITAL LIBRARIANS will be held in Berne, Switzerland, from June 7 to 10. All who are interested can obtain particulars from the Hon. Secretary, 48, Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (see also p. 186).

✠ The following Groups are to be congratulated on their promotion to Branch status: *Southern Suburbs* (Buenos Aires), *Upminster* (Eastern London), *South Salford* (Manchester), *New Swindon* (Western Area).

✠ NEW GROUPS have been recognised at the following places: *Bovington*, *Crediton*, and *Okehampton* (South Western Area), *Rangiora* and *Riverton* (New Zealand), *Fort Victoria* (Southern Rhodesia).

✠ All GROUPS desiring to apply for promotion to Branch status this year are asked to see that their applications reach the Guard of the Lamp concerned by the end of June.

✠ An Abridged Edition of the ANNUAL REPORT, 1938, has been published. Copies are available at Headquarters.

CONVERSATION PIECE—In Three Scenes

Scene III : Publicity and the Prophet

(*The Padre and the Pilot meet again in the Vicarage study. The Pilot appears to be most depressed*).

PADRE: How did you get on with your homework?

PILOT: It's no good, Padre, you are quite right, it's the blank page of my mind that frightens me, and, now I have seen it, I am not only frightened, I'm finished. I shall have to leave Toc H, and my Church.

PADRE: Why?

PILOT: I don't believe anything. My religion and my Toc H is all secondhand and I have got nothing of my own. I'm beaten. You see, though I have nothing, I don't want to be like many who have nothing. It isn't that I don't like them, they are often very decent people, but I've been accustomed to the idea that I have got something, and, even if it wasn't my own, it gave me a lot of comfort, courage, and strength. Now I've none of that and no desire at all to "eat the husks the swine do eat."—(*With more passion*) And to think that I've been Pilot for seven years, and told other people what Toc H is!

PADRE: Grand! Hurrah and Hallelujah, and all those other words that people say when they are pleased.

PILOT (*too depressed even to feel annoyed*): Oh yes, you can cheer! You've taken away what I had and left me empty and beaten. I agree that a second-hand faith is no good, but it's more comfortable than no faith.

PADRE: Are you sure you haven't got one, or begun to get one? And even if you haven't, wouldn't you give everything you possess to get a faith of your own?

PILOT: Yes I should, but I can't get it, and you won't give me anything.

PADRE: I didn't refuse to give you anything, I refused to be Branch Parrot, or a Spiritual Syringe. And I want to help if

I can. But didn't you write anything down?

PILOT: Oh yes, reams and reams, but I tore it all up.

PADRE: Why did you tear it up?

PILOT: Because it wasn't mine; it was a hot-potch of *Toc H Under Weigh*, the Bible, several sermons, and some talks I've heard at Guest-nights. Before I could write a word, I found I had to read, and I read a whole lot of Toc H literature, and I searched the Bible, and then I wrote furiously long into the night, and went to bed feeling fine. But I read it all through next day and it was putrid, and none of it sounded like me. And then I didn't know what was me, and I found I had lost myself. I nearly got tight that night, but I didn't think it was worth while, because I should become sober again, and I should still be lost.

PADRE: Why did you come here to-night then?

PILOT: I thought you ought to know what you have done, and I also wondered if you could help me a bit, though I don't suppose you can.

PADRE: You really mean you have got nothing, not one little bit of a result after a week of thought?

PILOT: Well it's as good as nothing. I did write down a few things, but they are only a few odd words, and they can't be called a creed or a faith.

PADRE: Let's hear them then.

PILOT: All right—no, you'll laugh.

PADRE: Are you being quite honest? Is it really worth spending any time with me if I am such a cur that I would laugh at a man who has lost his faith and is trying to find something? No, I won't laugh.

PILOT: But you are sure and clear in your mind, and everything is straight for you, and, if it weren't mine, I should say mine was a pitiful effort.

PADRE: I am a fellow creature of yours, and any faith I've got was won through just such a torment as yours. I may not be the man to help you, but I do understand and sympathise, and I can tell you how I found some certainty.

PILOT: All right then. I haven't written anything about religion, only a few words about Toc H. The first thing is: 'I believe in fellowship, because I daren't not believe in it!' Sort of wish being father to the thought, you see, but it's no reason for believing in fellowship.

PADRE: Why daren't you not believe in fellowship?

PILOT: Because life would be worse than meaningless without it; because all the joy and happiness I've ever had have come from friendship and fellowship other people have given me. And if that goes, I'm sunk, and I don't know that I look forward to life at all. And it isn't only what I've been given, I've learned to give a little; I know it's been a very little, but if that little isn't me, the best of me, the only real me there is, then everything is all a hideous joke which makes me want to curse and swear.

PADRE: I'm with you there, but go on.

PILOT: The next thing is: 'I believe in fairmindedness, because human relationships are all so damned childish without it.' It's negative again, you see, Padre.

PADRE: I'm not so sure about that, but why is everything so damned childish?

PILOT: How can it be anything else? I think I believe in it more for other people than for myself, but, as I see things now, I realise how childish I've been myself. All the world and his brother, and I, myself, seem so strange and new, and all the old ways seem so silly; fairmindedness is the

only way, but if it isn't real, what's the use of trying, and, if I can't believe in it positively, only negatively because I want it, how dare I say I believe in it?

PADRE: It's a start anyway, isn't it?

PILOT: Oh I don't know. However, here's the next thing I've written, negative again: 'I believe in service because it pays.'

PADRE: How does it pay? Financially, or in the coin of self-satisfaction? For I take it you mean service you give, not only service that is given to you.

PILOT: Oh yes, I mean the service I give, though I can't see I have ever given any, but the little I have given shows that it pays me a thousand times over. I don't feel like Little Jack Horner, what a good boy am I,—I just know it's far more sensible than being greedy, or selfish, or mean, and I get a kick out of it, and blokes like me, and I feel warmed by their liking. But that isn't enough, it's all just selfish, and what I feel.

PADRE: Again I'm not so sure, but have you any more?

PILOT: Just one more thing. The word 'God' and nothing else. Not 'I believe in God,' but just 'God,' and when I had written that down I just sat and looked at the word, and my brain whirled.

PADRE: Couldn't you write any more?

PILOT: No, you see really it all begins or ends there with God and me. I've heard you parsons say that many times, but I never realised how true it is. But, now I know it's true for the first time, I'm no better off, because all I can say about God is that I want Him. If I can't have him, fellowship, fairmindedness, and service go, and everything goes, and as I say I'm sunk. (*A long pause*). But I have nothing to bring except many years of second-hand faith in Him and in Toc H, and that's no use.

PADRE: "Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

PILOT: That's a hymn, isn't it? But it means nothing to me, except that I've got nothing.

PADRE: But that's where you are wrong, you have got something, and even if you haven't, all that God wants is that we come seeking. But I say you have got something.

PILOT: What have I got?

PADRE: Prophecy, faith, certainty; you are a prophet. No, I am not being funny or just trying to console you. Your years of second-hand faith have not left you empty.

PILOT: I am a prophet? How do you make that out?

PADRE: Look again at your paper. You believe in fellowship because you daren't not believe in it, because you say there's no meaning in life without it. In other words, you have really declared that fellowship and love are the meaning of life. So with fairmindedness and service. You have made three astounding and glorious declarations that are part of your life and being, and without which you would be, as you say, sunk.

PILOT: Are you kidding me, Padre? I don't want any cheap and easy comfort, I want to grip hold of something firm, no, I want to be held by something.

PADRE: What about God? He is not much use if He can't help you now in your desperate longing of heart and mind? Haven't you really proclaimed the fact of His existence by writing down the one word 'God'?

PILOT: I must have Him, but I can't believe in Him.

PADRE: Are you prepared to live as if He existed?

PILOT: I am not prepared to live as if He didn't exist, nor will I say that a devil is the boss, or that there is no one who cares about the world and the universe.

PADRE: I tell you again that you are a prophet. You have come down to rock bottom and you think you have found nothing but bare rock, cold and unkindly and negative, but that rock you are standing on is the Rock of Ages, to use an ancient term, and despite your desperation and feeling of loneliness, you are standing up to say 'That is the truth, the only truth, and if it isn't I don't want any other kind of truth.' Don't you realise what you have found? Just the very thing the world is hungering for, only you don't know you've got it. There's a lot more to discover, joy in place of your desperation, but you have found a reason for the faith that is in you, and, in the words of Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, "Hallelujah! from earth to heaven."

PILOT: Don't cheat me, Padre, are you sure?

PADRE: I am, and you don't need a Branch Parrot or a Spiritual Syringe, but you do need and are going to have a fellow worker in Toc H. We may not look like prophets, and we are sinners, but we are both prophets of the Lord. We needn't talk about publicity any more, for I believe men want to hear what you and I have got to say.

PILOT: But I can't speak, I am only a child.

PADRE: That's what Jeremiah said, 'Behold Lord I cannot speak, I am but a little child,' but he spoke, and to some effect, and you have been prophesying for the last hour or more.

PILOT: I suppose I have. But I must think it over.

'GIGAS.'

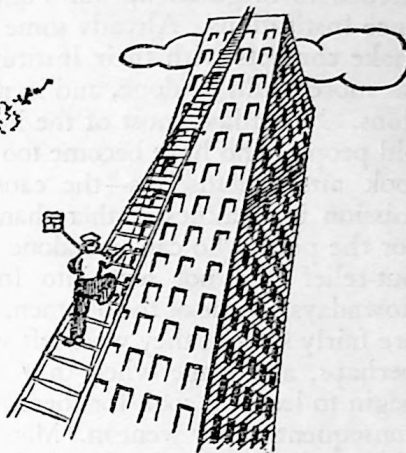
(This series is now concluded).



— CHANGING CHAPS —



— LEAPING WITH JOY —



— BUILDING BRAVELY —



— TRAINING WEEK-END —



— TO DISOWN DISCOURAGEMENT —



— GROUP DISCUSSION —

A.H. Lee
1938

SOME TOC H PHRASES.

Interpreted by A. H. Lee (Peterborough Branch).

EFFECTIVE SERVICE—III.

Toc H and Institutions.

This month's article is by Miss OLIVE MATTHEWS who has devoted a great deal of time to a study of conditions in Public Assistance Institutions and is the author of a booklet called "HOUSING THE INFIRM," the first part of which deals with methods of "brightening up" existing Institutions.*

THE spirit of comradeship which is characteristic of Toc H is very much needed to brighten up our Public Assistance Institutions. Already some Branches make contacts with their Institutions, but far more could be done, and in new directions. Nowadays most of the inmates are old people who have become too infirm to look after themselves—the cause of admission is weakness rather than poverty, for the poor who can live alone are given out-relief and not sent into Institutions nowadays. Some of the old men, however, are fairly strong; they were left widowers, perhaps, at an age when they could not begin to learn to cook for themselves, and consequently they went in. Many of these old people have outlived their friends and relations, and have no one left to come and see them. In other cases, alas, their own belongings are such snobs that they will not be seen visiting an Institution! There is a job of work to be done in changing the public attitude towards this subject, and Toc H could give much help, by mixing with the residents of Institutions on terms of simple friendliness. At first, they may meet with shyness or suspicion, but this breaks down when the inmates find that no patronage or preaching is intended. Some of those who have "seen better days" are at first painfully shy, and seem to expect that visitors will look down upon them for being where they are.

Entertainments give great pleasure. A number of Branches of Toc H already give them, and they are very much appreciated.

Any bright show goes down well, especially songs with choruses. In communities where very little is happening, an evening concert has a high news value, and is anticipated long before and looked back on long afterwards. It is far better when it can be given at some uninteresting time of year, rather than at Christmas or Coronation times, since the Institution itself will be providing extra treats on these occasions.

More permanent contacts, however, could be made by other means. Libraries might be run or handicrafts taught. Most Institutions have a library, but it is sometimes run by the chaplain or staff, or an inmate, and although these people may be competent librarians they are not fresh faces. When people from outside come in to give out the books, they bring fresh interests and can make friends with their clients. Then, too, they can collect books, magazines and picture papers from their friends, and these are specially welcome to the regular readers who may have read everything on the shelves. Only a small proportion of inmates take out books, but they include some really keen readers, who enjoy the classics, as well as those who prefer romance or murder.

Handicrafts and hobbies are of great interest to some of the old men, many of whom have been good craftsmen in their day, and now find the time hang heavy on their hands. Sometimes they will learn needlework or knitting, and then they may do fine work, but many are teased by the

* "Housing the Infirm." Price 9d. Obtainable through Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, or post free from the author, Miss O. Matthews, 44, Cresswell Place, London, S.W.10.

other men for being womanish if they do these things! Rug-making, however, is admitted to be a manly pursuit, and carpentry, carving or leatherwork would be equally beyond reproach. If Toc H could organise the teaching of these hobbies it would be a splendid thing. The occupation would be excellent for the old men, although unfortunately the law does not allow their work to be sold for profit.

The difficulty is that evening visiting is not as a rule allowed. The first step would be to get into touch with the Master and find out whether the rules would be relaxed to allow an evening class to be held once a week; failing him, an approach could be made to the Public Assistance Officer of the County or Borough. Where the authorities are anxious to encourage visitors they are ready to arrange a time, and a room where it can take place. In some cases members might be able to go during the afternoon, on an early closing day or a Saturday, but for most of them an evening time would be far better, say from seven or half-past seven for an hour and a half. Bed-time begins very early in Institutions, but the classes would be quite optional, so that no one need sit up for them who did not wish to do so.

The Brabazon Employment Society is endowed with funds to supply materials or tools when volunteers can be found as teachers; but they must form a Brabazon branch and comply with its rules. Particulars may be had from the Secretary, at 8, Kensington Park Road, London, W.11.

Gardening often interests the old men. Many Institutions have large grounds; often the old yards are now transformed into gardens, but these may be merely formally laid out—individual plots can give far more pleasure to the residents. Perhaps Toc H could help to get such gardens started, and no doubt the inmates would have many instructions to give their instructors, which would be fun for them!

The liberty of inmates in regard to going out is very much limited in some Institutions. In part, this is a survival of the old days, when there was no desire to make the ne'er-do-weel too comfortable in the "workhouse." In some places the rules are now revised to allow daily going out; in other parts it is still limited to one day a month. Some authorities explain that they are afraid of accidents, and this is understandable, since many of these old people do not see or hear well, while others are liable to heart attacks or fainting. These people would be allowed out if an able-bodied person would accompany them and bring them back. Here is a chance to do a day's good deed, by taking them out for a walk or shopping expedition, or to a service at their church or chapel. A ride in a car would, of course, be a tremendous treat, and it might be the first in their lives for some of them.

In some places Toc H has already shown its sympathy for the old folks in Institutions; may its work in this direction show a great increase!

O. M.

Contributions to the Journal

Perhaps not every reader agrees with one who has just written to the Editor: "The day that the Toc H JOURNAL comes is always a 'red letter' one for me, and if for me, an old woman of 89, the JOURNAL is an inspiration, it must be doubly so to younger people." The JOURNAL is a family affair and should be a partnership between readers and writers. If it fails to satisfy readers it is often because they don't contribute anything to it themselves. News and articles are always considered: they should reach the Editor by the 10th of the month previous to publication.

PERSONALITY

II. Hindrances to Personality

This is the second of a series of three articles by the Hon. Commissioner for Tce H New South Wales, H. TASMAN LOVELL, who is Professor of Psychology in Sydney University. They originally formed an address to a conference of clergy and ministers.

AMONG the hindrances to the development of personality, which should be the concern of the Church, are:

(1) Lack of adequate personal environment, including unfavourable family conditions, foolish or harsh parents or teachers, and also the restriction of life to that of a narrow class or group.

(2) Lack of adequate economic environment, owing to enslaving routine without opportunity for leisure, inadequate income, and dismissal of employees on reaching the age for the basic wage.

(3) Lack of adequate educational opportunity owing to child labour, the low school leaving age, the absence of creative activity or provision for special abilities in schools.

These hindrances to that satisfaction in life and to that opportunity for personal development to which every man has a right merely by being born at all, are the source of that sense of injustice which renders men bitter, resentful and discontented. Here we have the real cause of those ills which are now so prominent and which are engaging the attention of all thoughtful men.

Attacking Causes of Discontent

The child or man who feels this sense of injustice, even though he does not understand his condition, will show it more or less in unseemly behaviour. Contented persons do not behave in unseemly ways. Instances of unseemly behaviour are symptoms. Action directed to correct behaviour

misses the point. Any action taken for permanent amelioration should be directed at the causes, and the causes are always things which impinge unfavourably and unjustly upon personality and its right to reasonable satisfaction and development. The removal of these causes ushers in what we know as social justice.

It follows that the Church, in addition to exhorting men to a change of heart, must busy itself intimately with these actual hindrances, because they create resentment, replace love by hate and peace by discord. It is concerned both with their prevention, and with their removal. To this end the Church must concern itself with parent education and the provision of a proper home environment. It must also assist in the provision of child guidance clinics for the treatment of behaviour problems so that these may not remain to ruin personalities.

It must concern itself with the kind of education provided; with the school; and with the kind of teacher and his training for his high vocation. The education must be related to life, should promote development, and must especially provide for creative activity along the line of the pupil's special abilities. The school must have occupation rooms with ample material. The teachers must be versed not only in the subjects they teach, but in personality which they have to develop; they must feel the work their vocation and be adequately trained for it. The Church cannot be satisfied with a school because it has a chapel and a chaplain and because divinity is taught as a subject.

It must concern itself, too, with overcoming the separation of the classes, in order to induce harmony among men, to show one half the world how the other half lives, and to provide opportunity to learn from one another.

Work and Education

Further, the Church must care about the fact that certain work is minute, ever-recurring, routine work by which men's minds are enslaved, that, at least, in leisure time there can come, not an orgy of reaction, but a creative interest in activities which satisfy native aptitudes and bear fruitful results. Indeed, this problem of the use made of leisure time is one of the utmost importance, and could be solved, if we would but provide interests which fit the nature of the individual. If we were to provide sufficient variety of interests we should catch every individual with one or other of them, and one real interest will occupy the whole of a person's leisure time, and give him supreme satisfaction and contentment all the days of his life. How can the Church possibly ignore a truth so important for personal well-being?

Again, while exploitation of men is not nearly so rife as it was, it is possible that there is still some of it, and the Church cannot withhold criticism of a fact which so breeds the sense of injustice.

Then, the failure to provide adequate apprenticeship and training, which leads to a youth being dismissed when he becomes eligible for the basic wage because he is not yet worth that wage to his employer, is a state of affairs with which the Church cannot rest content, because of the hopelessness and despair which tend to invade the personalities of the youths concerned.

Child labour in dairying districts which is so exacting that the child, falling asleep at his school lessons, is unable to enjoy the benefits of the education provided, and perhaps suffers from his teacher in consequence, is another evil hindrance to personal development.

The low school leaving age for so many pupils deprives them of all but the rudiments of education. The absence of creative activity which marks the mere learning of subjects of a curriculum is a hindrance to real development of the whole pupil.

The lack of provision for special abilities is so serious as to be almost a crime. A child has no difficulty in attending to activities along the lines of his interest. However, when a pupil with a native gift and passion for design is denied activity in design in favour of learning subjects, then, though the learning of certain subjects be necessary, a divinely-given opportunity of getting hold of that pupil, of giving him satisfaction with life, of leading him on and truly educating him has been lost, and he may become just a fretful and unruly scholar whose behaviour, as with all frustrated life, becomes distorted and unseemly.

Again, bad classification in school has often caused a boy with insufficient intelligence for the work of his form, though he is of the necessary chronological age for it, to be so harried by teachers and by parents for bad work, that he is entrapped in an unjust and intolerable situation and may truant, stay out at night to avoid being badgered, and so get into temptation on the street.

Surely, all these unsatisfactory conditions, all these hindrances to development, are the concern of the Church.

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H. T. L.

THE CITY OF GOLD

The following contribution reaches us from a South African member.

A YOUNG MAN dwelt in a far country. It was a pleasant country with green things that grew softly and gentle rains. All around him lived freshness and air and easy, happy thoughts, and men were born there and lived their simple lives and died there, too. But this was a foolish young man and he heard that in the south of Africa there was Gold; so he packed his things and left the happiness of life in his own country to join in the search for gold.

And when the world was going mad with the craving for gold, when kingdoms were tottering for the want of gold, when men forgot everything else but the necessity for gold, he arrived in Johannesburg; and because he had two hands which could work to get gold he got a job. He lived in a little room and nobody took any notice of him; so in a little while he sat down on the edge of his bed in the very little room and wondered what manner of person it was that lived in this strange city, that they had no time and no will to take any interest in People, but spent their hearts, their loves and their lives on gold. So he took his hat and set out to discover for himself. Because he had very little money he could not see how the wealthy people lived, but he wandered amongst the outcast, the white and the black who dwelt in the slums that were bravely hidden behind the gorgeous buildings of opulence.

He saw tin hovels with earth floors, four walls and a roof. Not very big really, but just big enough to hold two or three families, some white and some coloured. Also little children that were neither white nor black who lived there with the women who were their mothers,

and men that might have been their fathers. The entrance to each of these little groups of houses was dark and narrow, and black things happened there; and through each archway was a yard around which stood the houses, overshadowed by the looming factories and the warehouses of wealth. There was no air there and no light, for the sun could not penetrate it. Shouts there were and altercations and babies' wails and through it all, and in and of it all, there was the smell of dirt, dirt and foul decay. So the young man thought of the land that he had left, and of the air that was there, the sunlight and the life and laughter.

He spent long hours in the meaner streets, for he began to despise the fine show of lights and gaiety that the Golden City showed to those who passed by. There were young men and boys who hung round under dim lampposts, but that did not worry the young man for he had seen the same thing in the great cities of his own country. He saw native children who played in the gutters and who screamed and ran away with terror when policemen passed that way. Young native men there were who went their quiet ways when suddenly with flashing spotlight the police "pick-up van" pounced upon them, and because they had not "passes" they were roughly handled to the gaol; and there were other men who felt for knives when they saw their brothers taken. Coloured children he talked to who worked in sawmills and factories, who knew nothing of laughter and were beaten often. They had amusement—picture houses, nothing but picture houses; the young man had his doubts as to the wisdom of this.

The white men who lived in these places somehow worried the young man even more; so many of them, like himself, had come from the countryside at the call of gold, but they came of poor stock. Large they were and vacant-eyed, dirty and open of mouth. Generations of poor living and intermarriage on the "platte-land" had made them thus; and they had no chance in the fight for gold. They deteriorated and their last state was indescribably worse than their first, and the young man thought that the natives would not be able to understand how great a thing is the system of living that allowed things like that to happen.

He went to his work every day, did the young man, and there were hundreds of others like him with good jobs and little rooms, no friends and quite a lot of time. Idly he thought that sometime in the future (because he was a lazy fellow, this young man) it might be possible to band these people together and to do something to remedy some of the evils that he had seen.

By chance he fell among a group of men that were called Toc H. There were some among them who were keen observers of the things amongst which they lived and there were some who drifted; but as he studied the things that they stood for, he realised that the nucleus of the band about which he had thought lay ready to his hand. He found out what they were doing. It wasn't very much, but it was at any rate something. They seemed sometimes to be biting their own tails in the work that they did, and he even heard some of them say that they could not find any jobs to do. He tried to interest some of the people that he met during the day's work in this thing that he had found, but they had no liking for it, for the fever of work and amusement that is the curse of gold had got into

them, and they could not shake it off. So the young man was discouraged. But, all the same, new life came through Toc H—not the strong and healthy life that has just been born but more like that of an invalid slowly creeping back from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Clubs were started for some of the boys in the slum areas, for example, and this was a great beginning.

One night the young man came back to his little room, from one of these clubs where he had been working, and sat down in his rather rickety easy chair with his pleasant pipe and thought; he may even have dreamed a little, for it had been a long and tiring day. He thought that Toc H was a spirit, a spirit that stirred deeply in men's minds, a spirit that whispered in its sleep and ever gently stirred the mind into wakefulness, into awareness of the evil things that crept around it, and that will not rest or sleep until the evil things have been laid low; that struggled and fought gaily against all uncleanness with sure knowledge that, with the grace of God, all things are possible. He saw this great spirit turning ordinary men like himself into figures of enthusiastic energy—not the enthusiasm that is born of emotion, but that which comes from the conviction that a great work is to be done, figures that walked among their fellow men and pointed out the sore spots that infest the sickly skin of civilisation. Not only did they point out these many aching evils but, by the very spirit that was in them, they touched the good that lies in all men and brought them also to the work of cleaning, healing and re-building.

He saw, in his reverie, the apathy of the average dweller in the Golden City penetrated at last—not by loud proclamations calling upon all men to turn their hands to great tasks, but simply by men

who knew the spirit of Toc H, going amongst their friends and telling them personally of the need for men and yet more men. It was only, he saw, by the personal contact of friend to friend that the spirit could permeate through the land. And there rose up in the young man's mind, amongst the dreamy things that wandered there, a forbidding fortress, the Castle of Crawling Things. Its great battlements loomed through the smoke and the haze of war. Amongst the waving banners of the attackers, he thought he saw proudly the streaming black and gold of Toc H. It shone in the forefront with the leaders of the churches and the kings of Peace. Behind them came the ranks of Everyman, fighting doggedly under the inspiration of their leaders. The young man saw then that the function of Toc H was to lead; to point out the methods of attack; to start the offensive and leave its recruits to carry on, while it hurried to the next attack; to watch carefully all its plan of campaign and to send its trained aid to the weaker portions of the front. Picked men were needed to organise, to watch the battle as a whole and see the ultimate effect of the whole campaign, its weakness and its strength. Loudly the battle raged and long, till the young man shifted in his chair, and the turrets of the Castle of Crawling Things seemed to waver and crash in the battle smoke.

Miraculously the scene changed, and the young man saw the city in which he lived and worked. He saw Toc H pointing out the need for many things and, because its voice cried out in a wilderness and no man heard, he saw it turning militant. He saw it, vital, crowding amongst the money-changers with a scourge in its hands, and with those same hands destroying evil things and building good ones in

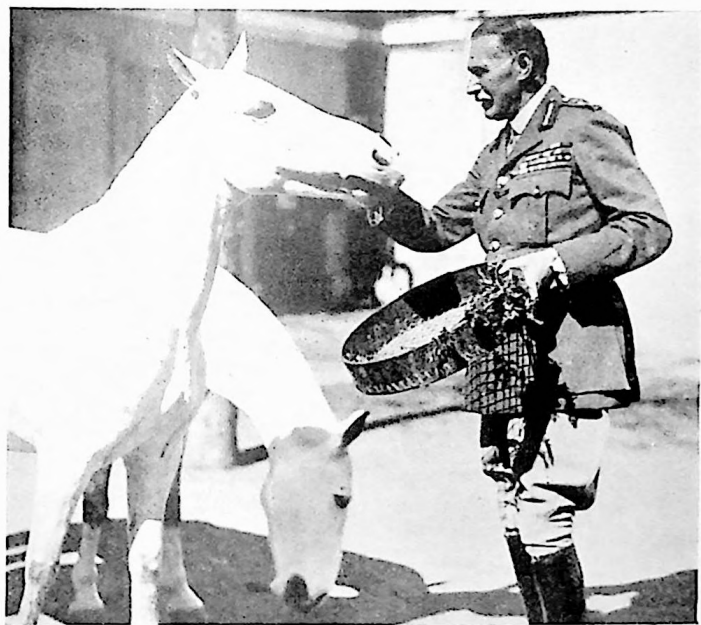
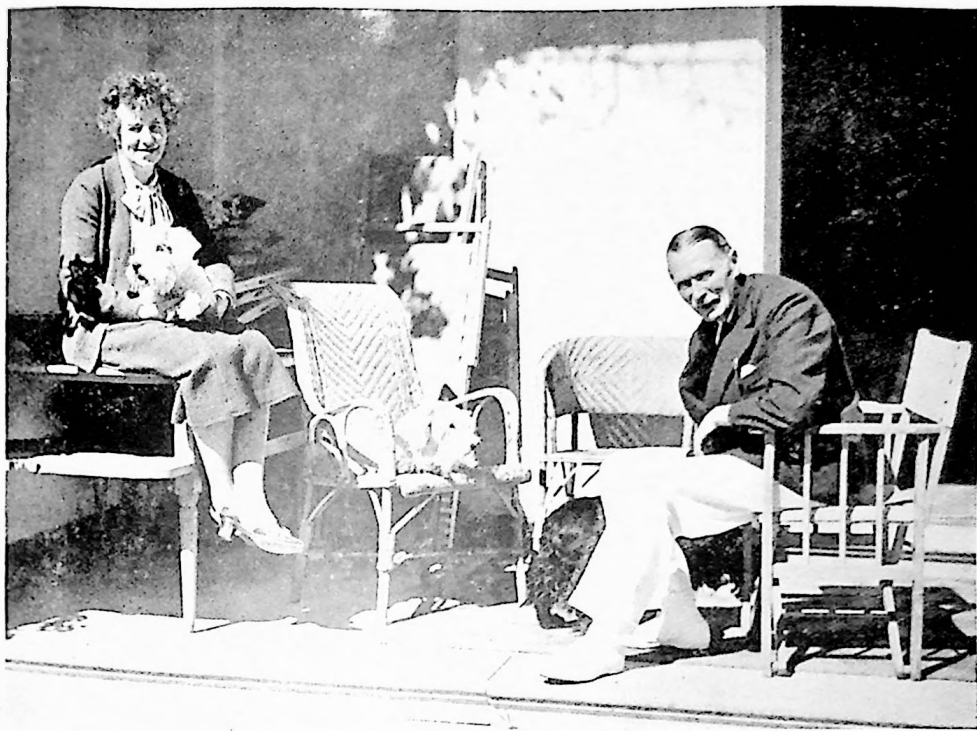
their stead. And because it was militant and unafraid and was composed of Men, people's eyes and wills followed its finger pointing at the darkness and the dirt. They might not always hear the voice that cried, but they could appreciate strength. So gradually there came into being a new city built on the same ground; small houses where there had once been hovels, and great towering flats where once was dirt; and he heard laughter. On the outskirts of the city there were native villages—not row upon row of dirty shacks that aped the white man's style, but little homes. Seeing this, the young man knew that it was not the function of the great countries of the world to impose their special forms of civilisation upon the natives; but to develop that which was their own, with a wise and kindly guidance.

Throughout the new city were many clubs for the young boys and men, for girls and for all who needed happy contact with their fellows. Houses also there were in different parts of what had once been the slums of the Golden City in which small bodies of Toc H men dwelt together—theirs to help with counsel and advice all those who needed it; theirs to remind the wealthy of their responsibility to the great new venture and theirs to live that other men might live.

Through it all there shone laughter and a happy light and these woke the young man from his wandering, so that he found himself still in the little room and his pipe quite cold in his hand.

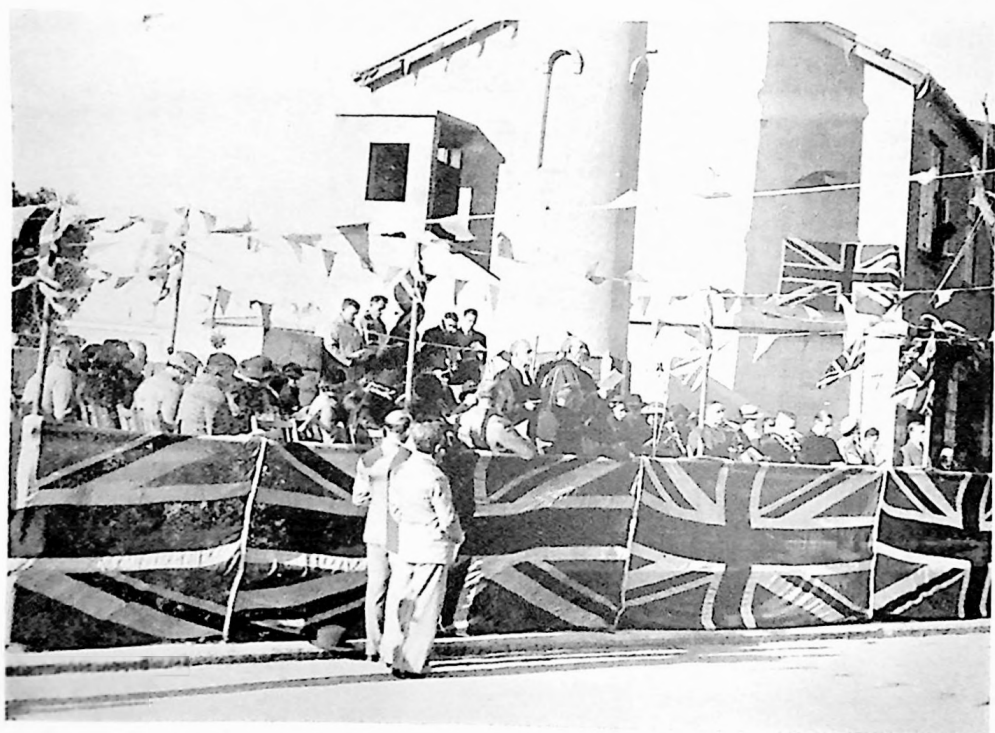
And the young man knew that through the fancies of his dreaming there ran a thread of purpose; that he, with God's guidance, could accomplish all these things if he set his mind and his heart, his soul and all his strength upon them.

B.



His Excellency The Governor of Gibraltar, General Sir CHARLES HARINGTON, seen (above) with Lady Harington and the dogs, and (below) with two of the horses, at Government House, Gibraltar. Sir Charles Harington, a very active Foundation Member, has recently been Tubby's host at Gibraltar and will, on retiring this winter, take over the chairmanship of the Services Advisory Committee of Toe H.

(Photos. Sport & General Press Agency.)



HARRINGTON HOUSE, GIBRALTAR, the new T.O.C.H. House built on the Dockyard wall at Gibraltar and opened in February. The upper picture shows the House, with Government garages below; the lower picture was taken during the opening ceremony.

WORK CAMPS AND TOC H

The author of this article is not a stranger to the pages of Toc H. In the JOURNAL of March, 1935, we printed a notice of his little book Digging with the Unemployed, and in August of the same year an article ("Life Dedicated") based on his book The Way of St. Francis and To-day. Both of these books referred to the ideals and work of his plan of Work Camps. Those who would like to know more and to offer their help to the plan should get in touch with JOHN S. HOYLAND, Work Camp Clearing House, Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham 29.

THE movement for Work Camps began in this country in 1931, when an international team of students led by Pierre Cérésolle, son of an ex-president of the Swiss Republic, settled for a total period of three months at Brynmawr, a town with an unemployment index of about 80 per cent. at the North Eastern corner of the South Wales coalfield. We went there to help a group of some fifteen local unemployed men, who had resolved to spend their enforced leisure in the effort to construct a park, with a swimming-bath and paddling-pool, in an unattractive little valley just outside the town, which had been used from time immemorial as a garbage-dump.

At Easter-time, 1932, the first Work Camp for schoolboys was held at the same place, to carry through a job of planting an old pit-tip with trees and constructing a public garden. As a somewhat daring experiment in view of the attitude of some of the school authorities, the schoolboys were billeted two by two in the homes of the unemployed men. This practice has been continued ever since in the great majority of Work Camps, and has been productive of large numbers of invaluable inter-class friendships, and of a great amount of important naturally-acquired educating of the visitors in the realities of unemployment. At a typical Work Camp to-day the visiting team is accommodated two by two in the unemployed homes which they go to help. They share the ordinary food of the family, and pay 3/6

a day, as paying-guests; this is not a for-profit payment, and the guests are not lodgers in the ordinary sense. Thus difficulties are avoided under the Means Test.

In 1933 an important new departure was made in the Work Camp movement. Up to that time the teams, of which there had already been many, had concentrated on the helping of unemployed groups in community-service jobs, such as the construction of bowling-greens, football-grounds, parks, tennis-courts, and so forth. But by that time some of us who had stayed already for considerable periods in unemployed homes, had begun to feel that such community-service was in any case a second best. We had been brought to this conclusion through seeing with our own eyes what the living conditions are in the average unemployed home, and through realising that the one great necessity is that of the provision of more food.

This was just the period when a great forward movement was being made in the provision of allotments and small-holdings for unemployed men; and the idea was broached that we might employ our energies more profitably in helping unemployed men in such land-work. Enquiries have shown that in the average unemployed men's allotment association there is a considerable percentage of the members who are physically incapable of doing the roughest of the land-work. This percentage is sometimes as low as ten, but I have known it as high as forty, of the total membership of the association. The reasons are

various: disease, malnutrition, industrial accidents when still in employment, war-injuries, and so forth. The idea developed of helping these disabled men by means of the labour of the Work Camp teams. That idea has been acted on ever since, and the great majority of Work Camps now do this kind of service, though there are some still concentrating on community-enterprises, notably the Work Camps run by the International Voluntary Service organisation (in these the teams are also not billeted in unemployed homes).

In 1937 there were some three hundred Work Camp teams at work; and there are now nearly two hundred places where land-groups of unemployed men have welcomed such teams. The kindness of the hospitality shown to the teams by their hosts and hostesses, in spite of their scanty resources, passes all description. It is quite common to hear from a schoolboy or student, after a week's work of this kind, that it has been the happiest week of his life (this is especially so with those who have been brought up in rich homes), and that it has brought about a complete change in his outlook. It is not uncommon to hear that the visitor has been scarcely able to bear what he has seen of the sufferings which his less fortunate fellow-countrymen have to endure.

At the Work Camp Clearing-house, which is situated at Woodbrooke Settlement (Birmingham, 29), we keep in touch with the leaders of Work Camp teams in schools and colleges all over the country, and put them in contact with unemployed groups which have asked for a team to help them. The number of requests for teams is always greatly in excess of the number of teams available.

Though the movement started in schools and colleges, it has spread far beyond these narrow limits. There are teams from Churches (not very many, unfortunately),

and a rapidly increasing number of teams arranged by some keen individual, who gathers around him a group of friends who are willing to spend their holidays in this way. Sometimes only a week-end can be spared. But this is far better than nothing, because one main advantage of a Work Camp is psychological—the hope and encouragement brought to the unemployed group through realising that there are people in more fortunate circumstances willing to spend their holidays in helping them. More important even than this is the enlightenment brought to the visitors with regard to what it actually means to have to live on, say, four shillings per head per week for all the purposes of life when rent has been paid (I have known it as low as 1/3 per head per week). It must be remembered that this enlightenment is gained, not from without in a patronising spirit, by someone making a sociological investigation, but from within, by someone who is a temporary member of the unemployed family.

Of recent years a considerable number of Work Camp teams have been sent abroad, to places where there is great suffering as a result of war, unemployment or natural disaster. Thus in 1934 Pierre Cérésolle himself led a team to India to help reconstruct villages in the earthquake area of Bihar. They lived side by side with the starving peasantry, and carried earth with them for the erection of platforms on which houses could be re-erected above flood-level. In 1935 a large team went to help start the first unemployed men's allotment association in Austria, at a little town near Vienna which had been plunged into terrible poverty and distress by the closing of the one local cotton-mill. Expenses were kept as low as possible, and a great deal of very hard work was done, side by side with the Austrian unemployed, whose attitude changed from suspicion and

hostility (they had thought that their cotton-mill had been closed by an English syndicate) to a most disarming and enchanting friendliness. At the close of that year's camp (similar camps have been held there each year since) one of the Austrians said to me:— "I hate the Germans, I hate the Czechs, I hate the Hungarians, I hate the Italians, I hate the French; but I love the English." His words opened up a new way of founding international friendship and good-will.

There are many women's Work Camp teams, some of which work on the land like the men's teams, while others run Play-centres for children, or give other forms of home-help.

There are also more and more mixed teams, and they are perhaps the best of all. It is found that though the women members may not perhaps lift quite so much with each spade-full in land-work, they keep on working longer and more persistently than the men, so that results more or less even out. The psychological encouragement given to the unemployed group by the fact that women from well-to-do homes are willing to come to work on the land on their behalf is also much greater than in the case of men's teams.

There is great and growing need for many more such teams. Is it not possible that Toc H, which has such a noble record for similar types of public service, may be able to provide some such teams? A post-card sent to the address given below, announcing the possibility of raising such a team (even if it consists of only one member!), will bring the name and address of the secretary of an unemployed group which will welcome your help. Specify if possible the part of the country you would like to visit; and remember that, if you cannot spare longer, two days are better than nothing!

In 1937 we had a team in Spain working on the land in the attempt to start food-production for a colony for refugee children of both sides in the Spanish conflict. Our experiences led us to realise the crying need for food (especially condensed milk in tins) and of warm clothing and bedding for these most pathetically needy refugee children. Possibly Toc H groups who cannot do anything else could collect tins of condensed milk or make rugs or knit clothing for these innocent war-sufferers.

JOHN S. HOYLAND.

A SERVICE ALL CAN RENDER

Last month we published under this heading a notice of the new edition of A Pocketful of Prayers for Toc H, with some words about the service of prayer from the ADMINISTRATIVE PADRE. We now follow this up with further suggestions by TUBBY.

Midday Prayers on Behalf of Toc H

IT has long been the custom in Toc H for many hundreds of its fellow-servants to try to keep the simple daily rule that they will make a moment near to midday in order to say three prayers for Toc H.

The first is that connected with the name of St. Richard of Chichester. This owes its wide revival to a tragedy before the war, when a devoted Scouter near Chichester discovered

it and taught it to his Troop. That summer he was drowned saving a boy. The Troop decided to perpetuate his memory and example by the maintenance of the prayer he had taught them. I heard of this at Portsea, and borrowed the prayer for use in St. Mary's Boys' Clubs. Thus it became a prayer of Talbot House and of Toc H, and spread all round the map.

The second midday prayer we keep together is the Good Friday Collect, with a pause enabling those who wish to pray in unison to name each day the Movement overseas by the insertion of the name of countries, together with the name of fellow-workers.

The third prayer used concerns the Cross itself lifted at midday to regain mankind.

Where fellow-servants of Toc H gather, we pause for this observance; and our custom is maintained by members of the Family round the world. This note is printed to extend the use to many others who may wish to share a habit which is wholesome and most fruitful. The lonely member praying silently can thus lift up his heart as one of many.

All Hallows, as a Guild Church of Toc H, gladly receives by post, sometimes by wire, requests that prayer be made without ceasing for some especial need in an emergency, a sudden illness, or an accident, or a sick child. We have a method here called "Bands," by which about a hundred members are rapidly informed of the necessity, and give five minutes of their daily prayers to supplicate that God's will may be done, and light, healing, or relief afforded. All the year round, All Hallows' daily prayers go on a monthly scheme of intercession, kept up to date as far as possible, and covering every portion of the Family.

A simple weekly plan is recommended, which needs no books and quickly becomes habitual. This "Week's Mind," in the fine old English phrase, devotes itself to Toc H Overseas.*

Sunday considers the linked continents of North and South America, in which Canada figures first, both East and West; the brave beginnings in the United States; the Marks, and Groups and Branches which have spread from Buenos Aires, Rio and Valparaiso.

Monday presents the needs of the Near East: Malta, Palestine, Egypt and the Persian Gulf. On that day, too, we remember the Services, and lone Units up and down the world.

Tuesday is given to the Commonwealth of Australia, with special mention of Tasmania and of the Federal Headquarters at Adelaide, where the Edwin Wright Endowed Chaplaincy must form the keystone of a spiritual structure.

* Copies of this scheme, entitled *The Week's Mind for Toc H Overseas*, can be obtained on a four-page card from All Hallows Porchroom, Byward Street, E.C.3.

Wednesday is the day of New Zealand, and from there we pass northward to pray for the Far East, so sorely stricken, and for the work of all the scattered units in Malaya and Burma.

Thursday is devoted to Southern Africa, including in its survey Toc H pioneering in the Rhodesias.

Friday is dedicated to the volunteers in Leper Colonies, where they are doing a heroic work of mercy.

Saturday, by one of the oldest traditions of Toc H, presents as special objectives India and Ceylon. We are mindful also on this day of the great task of the Overseas Commissioners.

This simple scheme is easy to memorise; and names of workers, and especial problems known to the intercessor privately, or from the journals of the various countries, afford room for wholesale variation. Routine is thus avoided, and prayer enriched with a new sincerity beyond the reach of dull reiteration. The plan befits all working members, and gains new strength from every recruit.

It will be noticed that there are great gaps. The peace of Europe is not even mentioned; nor is a day allotted for the Sea, although few British ships could now be found which are in complete ignorance of Toc H. But as the imagination conjures up the sea coasts and hinterlands, cities and towns, and small communities, the men on duty will not be forgotten.

TUBBY.

Three Daily Prayers

THANKS be to Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ,
For all the benefits Thou hast given me,
For all the pains and insults Thou hast borne
for me.

O most merciful Redeemer, Friend and
Brother,

May I know Thee more clearly,

May I love Thee more dearly,

May I follow Thee more nearly.

AMEN.

ALMIGHTY GOD, we beseech Thee graciously to
behold this Thy family, especially in . . .
and our fellow servants therein, as part of that
great family dwelling in Thee, for which our
Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed,
and given up into the hands of wicked men,
and to suffer death upon the cross, who now
liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy
Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

AMEN.

O SAVIOUR of the world, who by Thy cross and
precious blood hast redeemed us, save us and
help us, we humbly beseech Thee, O Lord.

AMEN.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the West London Area

Returning by tube last night from the National Conference on Community Centres I tried to decide what would be considered of general "news value" among the thoughts, successes and setbacks of West London during the last six months. With my mind still focused on new housing districts it seemed certain that *Ealing's* efforts to develop scouting on the Cuckoo Estate, or *Mark I's* contact with Dalgarno Gardens, or *Greenford's* informal survey of their new Estate on bicycles, would be matters of real interest. But the obvious event to be given pride of place, at least for reasons of courtesy, is the arrival of Ben Dakin as Area Padre, descending upon us suddenly from the North to disturb our gentle and peaceful Southern ways with quite unnecessary energy. I strongly suspect that at the end of his term in West London, the Area Executive, profoundly conscious of its responsibility in taking a step almost without precedent in Toc H, will propose to him a vote of thanks for all that we shall have been prodded into doing by that time. Nevertheless, we welcome him sincerely among us and enjoy his company. During recent months nothing sensational has occurred although the period has been one of much movement, tangible and intangible, and the subtle changes of outlook and understanding under the second heading are probably by far the more important. For instance, during the winter there have been three reasonably successful conferences of District Officers, Treasurers and Jobmasters, each of the first two attended by 40 men and the latter by approximately 60 men and 30 L.W.H. Job-secretaries. The aim of each was the same—to lift our eyes from the daily paths we tread to the hill-tops whither they lead us, and having seen again the glory and splendour of a great ideal, to improve the quality of our work with a refreshed conception of its purpose. The wish to begin a Treasurers' Conference with a service in an adjoining church seems to indicate that we begin to view the giving of money in the

same light as the giving of service, and of time and health. If this is really happening and the generosity of members last year is the result of a growing spiritual outlook on the subject rather than of a kindly but unconvinced drive, then there is an encouraging change taking place in us. The easy, friendly atmosphere of the Jobmasters' Conference proved again the value of occasional meetings between the opposite numbers of Toc H and L.W.H. when the purpose is a working one. Considerable care had been taken in planning it and some of us were foolish enough to hope for a great and corporate declaration of a new vision of service as a result. Our inability to produce anything tangible at the end may have been a little disappointing at the actual time. But after all, a massed demonstration or declaration arising from the stimulated enthusiasm of the moment doesn't necessarily imply deep changes within us. Who wishes to urge an Area on, with one common standard and type of service, each man in step with his neighbour, the whole moving in perfect unison at the direction of a handful of men who have decided both the destination and the route? It is not the way that appeals to us. Instead we believe that membership of Toc H should lead to steady growth of ourselves individually—"a steady heightening of our average standards of living." Repercussions of these three Conferences suggest that, judged by such standards, they are influencing us more than we realised.

West Middlesex District has launched out and has produced a printed report of its annual boys' camp complete with photographs of beves of boys squinting into the sun. Last year they took 148 boys to camp at the Seaside Camps for London Boys at Walmer, 75 boys during the second week of August and the remainder during the third week. Funds for next year's camp are now being raised, and £1 per boy is required.

The need for expansion has now shown itself in Imperial style, for the Area is in the

process of acquiring territory from a neighbouring State on its South Western border. The frontier guards on both sides have fraternized in most open and unashamed fashion, and the minorities in *Weybridge*, *Chertsey* and *Hersham* have taken advantage of the general unrest in the Kingston and South-West London Districts to raise their voice and demand inclusion in the West London Area. A uni-, bi- or multi-lateral agreement has nearly been reached with the Surrey and Sussex Area, with the probable result that the peoples of this territory will form a new District with *East Molesey* and *Sunbury*. Since negotiations started they have become less excited and inflamed, and the situation is now in hand. There will be no further pronouncement.

South-West London District, with 8 units, are doing the same thing and sub-dividing into two Districts. The Area Executive, with the coming of crocuses in St. James's Park, has come all over social and has almost, but not quite, decided to throw a river-trip up stream from Richmond for wives of members plus, in many cases, members themselves. The idea seemed to be that 250 of us should charter a vessel of sorts and steam in decent order up the river to Walton-on-Thames, where the Captain would guide us into a quiet backwater and then pretend that he had run out of steam or punctured a boiler or something. The party would at once land for tea and games arranged by the Area Chairman, and a good time would be 'ad by all. It sounded most sinister, and has now been abandoned. Many similar indications can be seen of a new vision and life in the Area! There are some grim patches, too, but each exists in spite of the vigorous attention of responsible local officers and not because of consistent inattention.

That is a factor which becomes more marked each year—the willingness and ability of leaders throughout the Area to assume

responsibility for conducting and developing the life of Toc H generally. Surely it means that as the responsibility placed on Area Executives and District Teams is allowed to increase, so will grow our willingness to accept it and our ability to carry it. But with all this activity and dissipation of energy during the year, we have gradually discovered the presence of a nigger in the woodpile. There has been a tendency to place ice on our heads and to apply ourselves conscientiously to the problem of this and the problem of that, feeling that ours, alone, was the responsibility of finding solutions. And so it was that we turned spontaneously to Gilbert Williams and asked him to conduct a Quiet Week-end for us in a Retreat House at Erith.

The atmosphere of peace and purpose gave those of us who were there a sense of internal restfulness and support which we had not realised was missing until then.

Central London has been a nuisance for a long time, for extension beyond the old-established units in the District has been extremely difficult, although everyone has felt the need for a strong and active "core" to London. Various ideas are being toyed with at the moment—the possibility of "groping" at Earls Court, signs of future life in Paddington, closer contact with the House of Commons Groups, making new friends in the District, and so forth. All very experimental, but with distinct possibilities none the less.

It might be interesting to include accounts in some detail of *Mark II's* Blind Club, *New Malden's* contact with South Wales, *Hounslow's* Sunday work at the hospital and so on, but the difficulty of selecting typical jobs for illustration makes it rather too complicated, and "the task of filling in the names I'd rather leave to you." So much for West London, full of weaknesses and faults to-day but always, thank goodness, with unlimited possibilities to-morrow. G. R. R. M.

From South Africa : A Lamp Dedication.

ONE of the Lamps lit for the first time at York last December was of more than usual interest to Toc H in South Africa. It

was given by Mrs. Ellison to Krugersdorp in memory of "Harry Blomfield Ellison ('Uncle Harry'), who first brought Light to Krugers-

dorp, April, 1926." Harry Ellison died in London on January 3, 1934, but his pioneering journey, with Mrs. Ellison, all over Southern Africa in 1926 will never be forgotten in the annals of Toc H and in the hearts of the many South Africans who met him. The reception of the Lamp in Krugersdorp on March 14 was an event in the town, of which some account has now reached us in letters from J. A. Gilbert, Hon. Secretary of the new Branch, to Mrs. Ellison and the Overseas Office. The Lamp was carried in by 'Peter' Simons (Transvaal Area Padre) and handed by him to the Chairman, R. J. Fell, one of Harry Ellison's first 'converts' in Krugersdorp. The Ceremony of 'Light' was then held, with a simplicity which deeply impressed visitors present. The Chairman and several other original members paid their personal tributes of affection to "Uncle Harry," and the rest of the evening was spent in entertainment and refreshment, ending with family prayers led by Owen Watkins (Hon. Padre for Southern Africa)—a typical Guest-night programme. Gilbert writes: "We had the Mayor of Krugersdorp present

and members of the public representing varied interests in the town and the representatives of four newspapers; Owen Watkins, Peter Simons and E. L. Duxbury from Headquarters, R. J. Fell, one of four first members from Pretoria, J. W. Collier, another of the originals, representatives from nearly every Group and Branch along the Reef, with several others from outside (V.A.D. nurses, school teachers, etc.). In all there were seventy or more present, and the evening went with a swing right through, with a delightful feeling of fellowship and goodwill . . . We had a good report in the press and have had several enquiries about the time and day of our meetings. The evening created interest in our movement, which I hope will continue to spread and lead to Builders and fresh blood as probationers."

To coincide with the meeting in Krugersdorp, a special service was held in All Hallows, London, at which Mrs. Ellison, one of "Uncle Harry's" brothers and a number of his old friends were present.

From London : Sporting and Dramatic

LAST October our 'Dramatic Critic' reported on a successful performance of *Twelfth Night* by members in the delightful setting of the garden of Mark XXII, Denmark Hill, and hoped that such a play would be an annual event. Notice of the next venture, less than a year afterwards, has now reached us, signed by responsible authority—W. H. J. Taylor (Hon. Warden), P. F. Taylor (Business Manager) and R. Rhys Bishop (Producer). Their choice has, naturally but daringly, fallen on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. As last year, the play will be given in the garden of Mark XXII, on July 5, 6, 8 and 9 at 8.30 p.m., with a matinée on Saturday, July 9 at 2.30 p.m. The price of a seat at any performance will be 1s. The notice says: "We are most anxious to make our Open-Air Theatre one of the annual events in Toc H, and we hope that everybody who can will come along to one or other of the performances. If Secre-

taries of units making up parties will let the Business Manager know well in advance, special seating arrangements will be made. A postcard or a telephone call to Rodney 5137 will produce any information required. Mark XXII is easily reached from all parts of London, and the play will end early enough to allow visitors to get home comfortably." In the JOURNAL report of last year's performance the comment was made: "Toc H, as a whole, needs to wake to the job of play-acting; more than half the audience on this occasion were non-members." Surely no opportunity will be given to say this again.

Two Sporting Events

The Annual Soccer Five-a-Side Tournament for the W. J. Musters Cup was held at the Toc H Sports Club ground at New Barnet on Saturday, April 2, 48 teams from units as far apart as *Southend* and *Portsmouth* competing—an increase of twelve teams on

1937. In the Final, *Mark II Branch* beat *Mid-Herts Countrymen Group* by 4 goals, 1 corner to 1 goal. P. Sutherland Graeme, Chairman of the Central Executive, presented the cup to the winners.

On April 9 the Seven-a-Side Rugby Tournament was held on the same ground, 13 units and Districts entering teams. In spite of the weather being the coldest for six weeks, a good number of spectators turned out to watch their favourite teams win or lose, or possibly to avoid the Scottish hordes who arrived by the thousand in London that day to take Wembley by storm. In the Semi-Finals *Brothers' House* and *R.A.F. (Halton)*

were narrowly beaten by *Mark II* and *Enfield and Grange Park* respectively. Both these were excellent matches, the grand backing-up of the Air Force fellows being a special feature of the game between them and *Enfield and Grange Park*, the difference in their scores being a goal to a dropped goal (5-4). In the Final, after a closely-marked duel, *Mark II* scored the only try to win by 3-0.

Altogether 331 men took part in these two Tournaments and it is hoped that all these and more will turn out to compete in the Annual Athletic Meeting to be held on the same ground on Saturday, May 28.

From the North Wales and Border Counties Area

SINCE our last news letter appeared in the JOURNAL there have been a number of changes in the Area with regard to Staff and in District administration.

Geoffrey Foster who was our Area Secretary since the Area was formed resigned his appointment at the end of January in order to be able to assume the Secretaryship of the Shropshire and Herefordshire Area Committee for National Fitness. He has not left us altogether and is already making use of some of us in connection with his new work. He has even found time to put some of his new stuff across at several of our unit meetings.

For financial reasons the appointment of a successor to Geoffrey has been deferred for the time being, presumably until the Central Executive see a brighter period looming from an £ s.d. point of view, but temporary arrangements have been made whereby Jim Abbott, of the Manchester Area, spends one week in every month in the North Wales Division and acts as Secretary to the Divisional Executive, and Colin Stevenson of the West Midlands Area holds the fort in the Border Counties Division. We understand that Jim is already becoming extremely fluent in the words of the Mother Tongue which do not appear in Dr. Davies' Welsh Dictionary, and that he has been accepted as "one of us" without undergoing the unusually long period of quarantine that most of the Saxons are subjected to when they butt into Snowdonia!

The old Caernarvonshire and Anglesey District has been replaced by two new Districts. The first of these (Anglesey and North Caernarvonshire) includes *Bangor*, *Holyhead* and *Caernarvon* units and the other is, for the time being, called the Cardigan Bay District for want of a better name (we hope that the Welsh Nationalists will put their thinking caps on). An active Team has been put in charge of this District skippered by Captain Kitching and piloted by J. Howard Davies and it is already making inroads into new ground. Shortly we hope to hear that the populous slate-quarrying town of Blaenau Festiniog is on the Toc H Map.

The Vale of Conway District remains as before except that *Old Colwyn Group* has been transferred to the Rhyl District and *Penrhyn Bay* has become a recognised unit. We hope that *Old Colwyn* will shortly be replaced by a new Group at Penmaenmawr and we should like to see the District further supplemented by another new Group at Conway.

The Rhyl District reports a very successful and well attended training week-end for leaders, and the Mold District, still ably guided by that splendid Parry-Shaw combination, goes from strength to strength. *Llangollen* is its latest baby. Weekly meetings there have an average attendance of 25 and recognition is being sought at the next meeting of the Divisional Executive.

On December 8th a deputation from *Bangor Branch* journeyed to *Merthyr Tydfil* in the South Wales Area and handed over the Silver Lamp of Wales to the custody of the latter.

Colwyn Bay Branch, the Mother unit of the North Wales Division has decided to relinquish its Lamp for a period of twelve months as an incentive to greater activity.

The Border Counties Division has had an active winter and in December they staged their first two-day Conference of Unit Padres, which was voted a very useful gathering. Bobs Ford came down to talk to the Padres about their jobs, and Padres Sawyer (Wellington) and Buchanan-Dunlop (Worcester, Administrative Padre's Deputy) were in charge of the programme.

Owing to the size of the Hereford and Radnorshire District a new provisional District has been set up called the Central Wales District, which is entering upon a period of great activity in the upper Wye basin. *Llandrindod Wells Branch* and *Builth Group* (recently recognised) formed the nucleus of the District

and now a third unit has appeared at *Brecon*.

The Worcestershire District has a lot of nursing to do as three new units have come into being at *Ledbury*, *Bewdley* and *Fairfield* (nr. Bromsgrove). We learn that Bromsgrove and Alcester are also about to be converted.

Since our last JOURNAL report appeared we have been fortunate in having had a three-day visit from Gilbert Williams, who spoke at a joint meeting of the East and West Shropshire District Teams at Shrewsbury, at a District Family Night at Mold and at the *Rhyl Central Branch* Re-dedication Festival. His visit and his talks were greatly appreciated and the Area looks forward to welcoming him again next month.

Bishop Talbot has also been amongst us again and preached to a large gathering at Wellington Parish Church on the occasion of the *Wellington Group's* Birthday Festival.

The Annual Area Pilgrimage is fixed for the week-end May 6th-9th.

G. F.

A BAG OF BOOKS.

This Christian Faith. By J. S. Whale. Student Christian Movement Press, 3s. 6d.

Here, in this book, is great preaching. It is not at all certain that Mr. Whale will be rendered happy by such a statement or that it will make many read the book, because preaching is essentially something that must be heard rather than read; its medium is the personality more than the pen. Mr. Whale's object in acceding to the request of the B.B.C. and the many listeners who heard the six broadcast addresses, here printed, is that this record of the spoken word may have some interest for them. It is to be hoped that many who did not hear the addresses will read the book, because it is the expression of a very outspoken and uncompromising faith. Many in Toc H constantly express the desire to hear, or read, just what this book says. If it can be remembered that this is the spoken word, and if (as I was able to do) readers can actually hear the accents and inflections of the preacher as he spoke the Word, then the facts of man's immemorial need and God's exceeding grace to man will be brought home

to them as *my* need and God's grace to *me*.

Mr. Whale deliberately seeks for illustrations that will appeal to all sorts of men.

For instance, he clearly marks the difference between speaking *about* God and speaking *to* God and widens the circle of those who will accept the truth of that by the following paragraph:

"Believe me, a man may know much about theology, and little about religion; he is an expert at the grammar, but he doesn't speak the language; he is a wizard in the use of Bradshaw, but he never takes a train; he knows all there is to be known about the off-side rule, but as he never plays football himself, going on to the ground and applying the rule as a forward or a fullback—he is a spectator only; interested, yes, but not actively engaged."

What Mr. Whale has to say in the name of the Lord is what 'the common people' will hear gladly.

J. P.

TOC H LEPROSY WEEK

DEAR EDITOR,

I was just sitting down to write my monthly notes for the JOURNAL when in came an excellent article from those good fellows, Tuck and Sowden, who are now stationed at Uzuakoli, S. Nigeria, where they are most efficiently keeping the flag flying.

Accordingly, I do not propose to write anything myself this month but to "yield the palm to them" by giving extracts from their article.

Yours sincerely,

J. A. GILBERT,

Business Secretary to B.E.L.R.A.

April 4th, 1938.

"From June 19th to 26th Toc H is to hold a Leprosy week, and during those days it hopes to . . . *What does it hope to do?* How many members know just what they are to set out to do? From various things we have had written and said to us we have a feeling that Toc H in general is in doubt as to what it wants to do: Toc H in general means you, and you, and you!

Perhaps some of you will be saying 'I am in doubt!!' others 'Now how do you feel about it all?' Are we right in our surmise?

"*Genti* (that's Ibo for *listen*), my friends. We believe Tubby has a vision of the work that Toc H can do in the cause of Leprosy. Just how much of that vision has the movement caught as a whole? From June 19th to 26th Toc H is to . . . *What is it to do?*

"Now the thought of Toc H Leprosy week has provoked what follows—an article in which we wish to try to stress the problems facing Leprosy workers in this district. We write only of the district with which we are acquainted, but we hope that it may lead others to write similarly of their own districts, for if the movement is to take up the cause in the way in which it is necessary for it to be taken up, we feel it is our duty to make known the facts as they appear to us.

"Leprosy workers have alternative choices when speaking of leprosy work: to describe the work which is being done, or to describe the work which is being done in relation to what needs to be done.

"There is a great risk in speaking of humanitarian work, and that is, in endeavouring to give it its due measure of commendation, one sometimes loses sight of the problem which lies behind the work actually going on. It seems to us this is what is happening in respect of Leprosy in Southern Nigeria. One hears a good deal of the work which is being undertaken in different spheres in the Empire. Governments issue reports from time to time, Missions stress their activities, naturally hoping thereby to attract interest and funds to extend their work, and perhaps those engaged in the work of these organisations are not quite so free to speak as may be at times they would like to. It seems that the situation here demands that an independent view should be expressed, and who should be able to do it other than those engaged in the campaign?

"Leprosy work in Southern Nigeria is being conducted by Government, Native Administrations, Missions, and the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. Such work being to a great extent developments from segregation camps previously under the care of the Government, at which, in the early days, there was little treatment administered to the patients. We wish to try to describe the work now being done in its true relation to the problem as a whole in the hope that it may stimulate a deeper interest in a 'Toc H job' and develop a policy from these small beginnings in which England can lead the world.

"When visiting Nigeria in 1936, Dr. E. Muir, of B.E.L.R.A., estimated the number of lepers in the Colony as at the lowest some 200,000. There is, perhaps, a belief at home that Leprosy is decreasing, yet in this province there are vast areas in which the natives still follow their earlier primitive and insanitary mode of living—this, combined with the many innovations of civilization, and the introduction of clothing, etc., unfortunately promotes conditions conducive to the increase of leprosy infection. Recent surveys in this area indicate that Dr. Muir's estimate is, perhaps, rather a low one, and local Medical

opinion now believes the figure to be well over half a million. It has been found that the incidence in villages is rarely less than 2 per cent. of the population—in some cases it has been found to be as high as 30 per cent.—and throughout this large area of the country the average estimate is an incidence of from 3 to 6 per cent. As a rough guide, think of one person in each twenty as a leper, and then remember that only one in every hundred lepers is segregated and receiving regular treatment in a Settlement. The other ninety-nine roam absolutely unattended from a medical point of view, many spreading their infection, for Leprosy is, in certain circumstances, a very infectious disease.

"It has been said that 'in twenty years the greater part of the population of the Protectorate will be lepers'! The work which it has been possible to undertake during recent years has not been of a sufficiently extensive nature to prove definitely that Leprosy is increasing, but from the figures mentioned above, coupled with the opinion expressed by many educated Africans, it seems extremely probable that it is on the increase, and we feel the problem is one calling for the deepest concern on the part of all those who go to make up the British race. Other nationals very kindly attribute to us a very humanitarian thought: let us see that we continue to deserve this appreciation.

"Last year the Nigerian Government spent approximately £3,000 on Leprosy Relief work; in addition to that sum the Native Administration added an amount of just under £5,000. This made a total for the year of some £8,000. We hear that Government, during the ensuing 12 months, is setting aside £5,000 for this work and the Native Administrations, it is to be hoped, will make a corresponding increase in their contribution. O that it were possible for this help to be increased tenfold! Then indeed could the problem be tackled!

"Unfortunately, though, the Government has other diseases to provide for as well as Leprosy, some of which are seemingly more urgent since they cause death; but in our opinion, Leprosy is much more insidious in

its effect and could conceivably be the prime factor in the extermination of a people in a comparatively few years.

"The more one sees of conditions here the more one realises that Leprosy is more than a medical problem, and it will never be solved if left to humanitarian medical work alone. In this area, because of numbers, a leper has a small chance of being treated in a Settlement, and in most cases they leave it too late before coming, thus making it almost impossible for the best treatment at present known (which is that now administered throughout the Leper Settlements here) to be really effective. In addition to that we would point out that such cases as are discharged 'symptom free' have to return to the identical conditions in which they contracted the disease. Thus it is almost as much a problem of education and sanitation as of medication.

"It is obvious that a vaster task faces the Governments in the Leprosy-ridden areas than at first might be imagined, and while Leprosy may appeal to Toc H generally as a humanitarian work, to us here it is a problem that cannot be dealt with solely on those lines. We feel that it is necessary to interest and open the eyes of the whole of the British public, and it is here there is a job for Toc H at home. Our country has dealt with far greater Colonial problems when the issue was economic. Surely it can rise to the challenge of Leprosy; or have we degenerated to such a sordid state of mentality as to require the impulse of financial gain to promote action?

"While then the fringe of the problem has, as yet, only been touched, we feel that we cannot put before Toc H a definite policy for the solution of the Leprosy evil in this area, but we do think that the first step is to press for a greater measure of co-operation between voluntary effort and officialdom with the object of getting the matter really tackled.

"We make no excuse for again reminding the unwary reader that from June 19th to 26th is Toc H Leprosy Week. Our object in writing is to provoke the 'grey matter of Toc H,' and we challenge the movement to take a definite step in arousing public opinion.

A. J. SOWDEN.

F. W. TUCK."

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

"A.R.P."

DEAR EDITOR,

To some of us A.R.P. is objectionable, not just as "scare-mongering," "a political ramp," "eye-wash," &c., but as being an integral part of preparations for modern war, and bound up with our present rearmament programme. We feel we cannot object to the one without objecting—quite as conscientiously—to the other.

Not many, perhaps, will see it in this way; but it is a possible view to take. And when you say (in "*Around the Map*" in the April JOURNAL) that "Toc H members ought to ask themselves whether their duty does or does not lie in the direction of the new form of voluntary social service which is called A.R.P.," I feel it should be made much clearer than your article makes it that they might well conclude that it "does not"; and that therefore Toc H cannot either as a movement or as a local unit commit itself corporately to A.R.P. without violating its fundamental principle of being inclusive.

Yours sincerely,

PAUL TUCKWELL.

Guildford.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is one of a number of letters on the same subject which have come in. See "Around the Map," page 185.*)

"To Conquer Hate"

DEAR SIR,

The following is copied (without permission) from the January number of *Truth*. Talking of political difficulties in France it says:—

"What is needed is . . . a spirit of rational goodwill that will let bygones be bygones and discuss the facts as they are and not as rancour has twisted them. The ardent desire for such a spirit throughout the country is reflected in a recent article in *Le Journal*, whose superficial levity covers a deep seriousness of purpose. The writer proposes that a new decoration should be instituted; the order of "Sans Haine" ("Without Hatred"), whose motto would imply—"I have my ideas as you have yours; but life is difficult enough already without our adding complications to it in this twentieth century of progress, in

which, according to Michelet, France was to lead the world to peace." The ribbon of the order "would not suppress differences of opinion, but would signify that in conversation one was willing to discuss a subject without shouting and losing one's temper."

Truth concludes by saying:—

"What a different aspect the fortunes of the world would assume if negotiators of every country wore across their shirt fronts the cordon with the mystic letters W.H.I."

Lor, bless me soul, Mister Editor! Have they never heard of Toc H?

Yours sincerely,

Ngomahuru Hospital, Wm. DENSHAM,
Fort Victoria, S. Rhodesia. B.E.L.R.A.

The Journal

SIR,

The patron saint of journalists is St. Francis de Sales. May I suggest that in the prayers of the Editorial Office you should seek the aid of your patron in the terms recommended by the Editor of *The Catholic Herald of India* (quoted in *The Church Times* of last August).

"St. Francis de Sales, beloved patron of our tormented profession, grant me your protection. Give us, your servants, a little more critical sense, and give a little less to our readers. May our subscribers be a little less conscious of our errors, but grant them sufficient light to appreciate our merits."

Yours,

GERRY HARMER.

St. Swithun's Porch Room,
London, E.C.4.

* * * *

DEAR SIR,

A deplorable technical breakdown in your addressograph caused the superimposition of the address, or part of it, of a Chilean member over mine on the envelope of my January JOURNAL. This resulted in the said JOURNAL making a trip to Santiago de Chile, where the postal authorities read the magic words "Toc H" and with great sagacity forwarded the JOURNAL to the local Branch Secretary. This worthy gentleman managed to decipher my address correctly with the result that I

received three very welcome Chilean stamps and a letter from Toc H Santiago.

I, of course, replied with ½d., 1d. and 1½d. South African stamps and an account of Toc H on the Rand.

The moral of this story is not that you must repair your office machinery but rather encourage it to repeat the effort more frequently—not, of course, with my JOURNAL. This should promote:—

1. The Toc H Stamp Club.
2. Communication between distant members.
3. Communication between unit Secretaries and Headquarters.

The incidental loss of an odd JOURNAL will not hurt and may relieve some member from the moral obligation of reading it.

Yours very sincerely,
VAL DUKE.

Mark I (S.A.),
Johannesburg.

* * * *

DEAR SIR,

Believing that example acts as a healthy stimulus, we should like to bring to the notice of those who read the JOURNAL the reaction of *West Derby* (Liverpool) Unit to the Supplement to the March JOURNAL. We decided that the matter warranted a whole evening's discussion and we tried to get as full a meeting as possible for the occasion. Our conclusions were these: (1) that we should all try to increase our personal subscriptions—this was done on the spot in a great many cases and there will be an extra 7s. 6d. per month for H.Q. as a result; (2) that it was up to us not to be shy of letting people know just what this Toc H is—that we should not be satisfied to put them off with a book or an invitation to visit the Unit “any Thursday evening,” but that we should take the trouble to explain to the best of our ability what it was we have got which the others have not.

Yours faithfully,
ERNIE PIKE,
Chairman.

Liverpool.

A Chain of Transport

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Our Branch is linked with a unit in the Special Area of South Wales. Last year, we sent over two tons of toys, books, etc., and now, at their suggestion, we intend to supply nourishing food, e.g., cocoa, malted milk, macaroni, etc. To this end, we propose to hold a pound day, as to the successful result of which we are in no doubt.

We are faced, however, with the problem of cost of transport, and this, from our past experience, is a considerable item. It may be said that the cost might be raised simultaneously or we might raise money and send it to South Wales for use in purchasing locally. Neither of these ideas appeals to us; we prefer to collect goods and are of the opinion that this scheme is preferable to any money raising effort and would be more productive.

Now, sir, the suggestion was mooted at a recent unit meeting that with proper organisation our difficulty could be overcome and the cost parcelled out by the welding of a long chain of links. Bexhill would send their gifts, probably in private cars, to the next unit—say, Eastbourne—that unit would convey it to the next, and so on until the Welsh border was crossed. A giant snake would result, upon whose back would be carried relieving supplies. Our imagination is kindled in the thought that this enterprise would be a grand adventure—possibly a snowball in its westward rolling—our 200 lb. becoming 2,000 lb. by the time Cardiff is reached!

We should appreciate the views of members and units on the matter and letters to the secretary, Toc H Headquarters, 16, Windsor Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, will be welcome.

Yours,
BEXHILL-ON-SEA BRANCH.

Proposed route.

	MILES		MILES
Bexhill	12	Andover	9½
Eastbourne	16½	Tidworth	19½
Lewes	12	Devizes	10½
Haywards Heath	13½	Chippenham	13
Horsham	17½	Bath	12½
Godalming	9	Bristol	27
Farnham	14	Newport	12
Basingstoke	15½	Cardiff.	

Total: Bexhill to Cardiff, 218.

"Transport of Delight"

Kindled with enthusiasm over Bexhill's scheme to transport supplies to South Wales via units, (see letter in THE OPEN HUSTINGS), one member was so eager to 'leap with joy' that he skidded as well, and found himself in the future, receiving reports from various units along the chain from Bexhill to Ferndale. There are a few he remembered when he came round.

EASTBOURNE: Scorning obstacles and following a local crow, members equipped with ropes, alpine stocks, and spiked boots conveyed the cases of foodstuffs over the Downs to Lewes. As the liberty was taken of lowering the goods down the left leg of the Long Man of Wilmington, it was agreed to recommend him for General Membership.

HORSHAM: Unfortunately, the unit has no car, but by a coincidence, the Chairman's Aunt Agatha (on his mother's side), was going to Godalming. Owing to Aunt A's insistence that the cases should travel in the carriage with her, it is said there was quite a lot of unfair thinking among the station staff, and their suggested destination of the cases did not correspond with the labels attached.

FARNHAM: Here, an old friend of Bexhill Branch, one Colonel ----, came to the rescue, and with the military strategy of an old campaigner, disguised the cases as bundles of washing and so smuggled them over the frontier in an unsuspecting laundry cart.

TIDWORTH: It was with unfeigned surprise that the 2nd Battalion Royal Footsloggers found a route march among their orders. "Lumme! This takes the biscuit!" growled Private Bunion. We will omit his comments when he found he was allocated the cheese

and jam as well! 'Twas truly a noble cavalcade that trudged through the night—the colonel rode in front, and the gorgonzola walked behind.

DEVIZES: The consignment has now grown to 20 cases. With admirable foresight, the local Jobby enlisted the services of the local Roller Skating Club. With a skate fixed to each case, good progress was made and having handed over their freight in record time, the unit skated home to face the 51 summonses issued for violations of the Highway Code.

CHIPPENHAM: In spite of the conscientious care taken with the cases, this unit was always Chippenham. Transport difficulties were considerable, but refusing to give up the sponge, the authorities were persuaded to conduct them to Bath. We believe soft soap was used.

BRISTOL: Owing to the restricted atmosphere of the Severn Tunnel, and the presence of the gorgonzola, it was decided to build a raft on which to send the goods on their final trip. This was done, and manned by the unit, paddled across to Cardiff. No doubt the broken case of pickled onions was contributory in leading the Cardiff populace to believe that Spanish refugees had arrived. A civic reception was hastily arranged at which the mayor delivered a welcome in what he fondly imagined was Castillian. With presence of mind and a "no spika da Englees" attitude, the unit persuaded the band to about turn and head for the Rhondda.

Thus, our little group of cases, now grown to a caravan, entered Ferndale to the tune of "There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding."

B. H. L.



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